

Children's Newspaper, December 11, 1926

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 403 Week Ending
DECEMBER 11, 1926

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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UNCLE PAUL'S WAGON GOES HOME See Page Seven

THE ADVENTURE OF THIRTEEN MONKEYS

ENTERTAINMENTS FREE
How Bimbo Went First-Class
to Rugby

THE DUG-OUT IN LATIMER ROAD

Never in the history of any zoo or circus has such an entertainment been provided for the general public as that kindly given by the thirteen monkeys of Latimer Road.

They were brought from South Africa for Mr. and Mrs. Murphy in order to play a jazz band at the World's Fair of Islington at Christmas. They had been beautifully trained, and were quite happy, living in a cage behind the Murphys' house in Latimer Road.

One night a thief was prowling for chickens, and, thinking he would surely get a good bag in this cage, he opened the door. He left it open and fled, and the thirteen monkeys immediately set out on a voyage of discovery. One of them, having a sweet tooth, lost no time in calling on a confectioner.

A Disastrous Meal

Sitting in a friendly way in a place inaccessible to others, he spent some time eating handfuls of chocolate and bull's-eyes. In a weak moment, when he had eaten too much and was feeling a little dizzy, he surrendered.

The next truant returned to the cage of her own accord. It was Jenny, who had tried life on the roofs but mistaken a chimney for a hollow tree. She came back covered with soot and rather thoughtful. Another of the jazz band dropped in to tea at a friend's house on Saturday afternoon. The lady was carrying a tea-tray to a sick-room when the visitor, who had made a private entry, suddenly confronted her. She shrieked and dropped the tray. But the food was not wasted, for Jacko hastily devoured it and went as he had come.

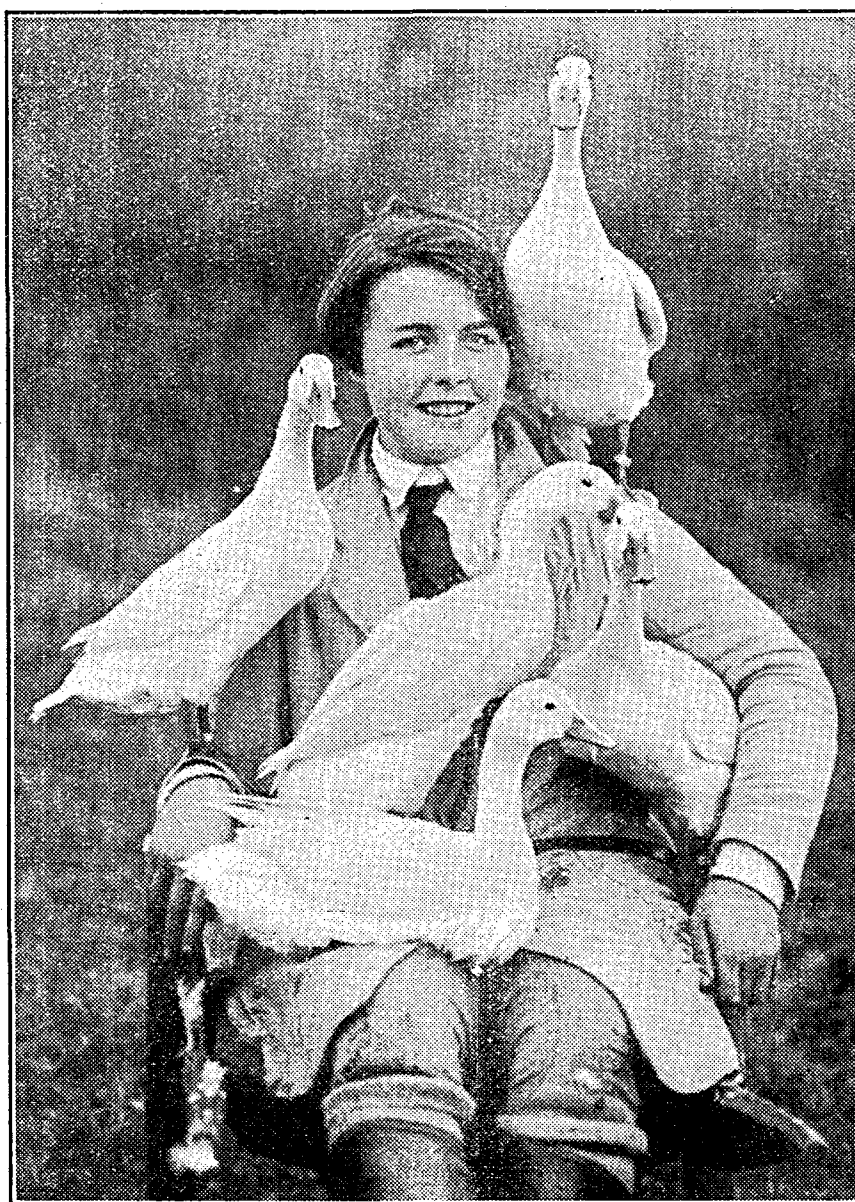
Enjoying Life

After a few days Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were delighted to be able to say that all save three of the troupe had been persuaded to return home. The three still at large were Franco, the conductor and leader, strongest in body and quickest in wit; Bimbo the drummer; and Sandy, who plays the banjo.

These three found their way secretly into the hollow-space between the platform of Latimer Road Metropolitan Station and the arches which support it. There they made a dug-out and settled down to enjoy life. There could not have been a finer lair, for they had access to a stable-yard where a greengrocer has a store.

The three thought it would be rather nice to learn to ride, and spent some time on the backs of the horses in the stable, pelting each other, eating food from the mangers, and generally trying to acquire what riders call a good seat. When the longsuffering horses were not

The Goose Girl of Welwyn



All the poultry farms are busy at this season of the year, and here we see a girl worker on a Welwyn poultry farm with a number of fine geese that have become very friendly with her. Probably their regard is little more than cupboard love, for their human friend gives them their food day by day.

there they could always have a banana. And they could play jokes.

They played one in what our Scots friends call the screech o' dawn. A man came at this hour to get a car out of the yard. He heard no sound, but as he opened the door two ghostly shapes flitted by him, uncertain in the dim light. When he came to touch the car a hairy hand was on the handle. As he was not thinking of monkeys at the time, the poor man thought his last hour had come.

Everything possible was done to persuade the truants to return home. Boards were taken up from the platform, but the three preferred to use the gap as a peep-hole rather than an exit.

On the fourth day of Monkey Week Bimbo went exploring by himself, and found his retreat to the dug-out blocked. He made the best of a bad job. Unseen by anyone, he got into a train and went first-class down to Rugby. At the station he sprang out of the window and walked in his best platform manner

toward the ticket collector. Unfortunately he had no ticket, and the collector had no words with which to ask for it. He could only gasp while the monkey leaped the barrier.

Bimbo did some china smashing on the way, and was at last caught on the roof of a caravan. He was sent back by train to Euston, where Mrs. Murphy received him joyfully. Her joy was not unmixcd. She had hoped it was Franco, but perhaps he and Sandy had taken a Pullman to Dover, and by now have other tales to tell.

THE FOUR BURNINGS

In 1066 William the Conqueror burned Southwark; in the reign of King John Southwark was burned again; in 1676 a great fire destroyed most of High Street; and last summer, just as a nice little fire started in Great Guildford Street, the fire brigade came along and put it out, and our hopes were dashed to the ground.

A Citizen of Southwark lamenting the slums.

KIND HEART IN HER CABIN

A HUNTED THING FINDS
PEACE

Pitiless Chase of a Beautiful
Creature of the Wilds

A CABIN OF SAFETY

There is something peculiarly un-English and inhuman in a stag hunt, for the deer is one of the noblest of God's creatures. We cannot help passing on this story of a hunted deer saved by a woman.

The hunt was at Kilmallock, County Limerick. Some distance from the town a deer had been started and had run a considerable way. He found himself cornered; he stuck at a fence and was almost captured. In the nick of time he was clear of the tearing pack, and took a headlong flight on the road to the town.

A Turn in the Road

He knew it was the wrong way to go, but his escape to the open land was cut off. After him came hounds in full cry, with people on horses and in cars enjoying his agony. He looked from side to side for an opening that would lead back to wood and stream. There was none.

Presently he spied a turn in the road and took it. Houses, full of enemy scents, lay ahead. A narrow passage branched off running up a hill. Instinct told the hunted creature to turn into this track, but the sanctuary he hoped for did not appear.

Hot on his scent came the hunt, nearing every minute. The poor stag looked round in despair. He knew he was not spent. Given a fair chance in open country he could have outrun them all. Oh, for a mile of green glade, the bare hillside, or deep water!

The Open Door

He stood, his flanks heaving; and then he remembered, pausing there with death at his heels, the sun on the down, the dark, rustling night, the dawn, and the sweet west wind and the shimmering rain, his lair in the greenwood, and the cool spring. Life and love lay there over the hills; here a crowd of men and women were hunting him to death. He shivered. The chorus of the hounds grew louder, and a chill of the last earthly fear touched the brave heart.

Suddenly he saw a hole. It happened to be the open door of a cabin. He darted in.

A woman was sitting by the fire. She looked up, startled, and saw the agonised velvet-brown eyes.

"Come in, my dear," she said, and swiftly closed the door.

The chase went by, hounds whimpering and nosing all over the town. Presently they were drawn off and led elsewhere, and when the hour of safety came the deer went back to his home under the wide sky, and drank of the cold stream, and slept in peace.

TYRANNY NEARING ITS END

DESPERATE CONDITION OF ITALY

The Lonely Man of Power and the People Without Liberty

FORCE IN PLACE OF LAW

The condition of Italy is increasingly grave, and all lovers of liberty are looking with anxiety toward the land that has for ages past drawn to it the hearts of those who love brave people and beautiful things.

Some amazing revelations have been made by an English observer who knows Italy well, and has now left the country for the purpose of publishing the facts to the world. He says that the Fascist tyranny has become so appalling that it must inevitably destroy itself. Even now it could not survive its founder more than a few hours.

The Victims Hit Back

The turning-point came with the reprisals which broke out after the attempt on the life of Mussolini some weeks ago. The outrages were terrible and general, and for the first time the victims hit back.

Even more significant than the actual physical resistance is the desertion of public opinion from the side of the Dictator. Mussolini is no longer hailed as the heaven-sent deliverer from the menace of Bolshevism, for the remedy is proving worse than the disease.

Even the faithful Federzoni, founder of the Nationalist Party, has ceased to be Minister of the Interior and has gone to the Colonial Office instead. "I'm done for! I can't stand another day of this; I'm going!" he said when the ghastly stories of outrage came pouring into his office. Federzoni, a confidant of the Vatican and a close friend of the King, was almost Mussolini's last link with intellectual Italy. Had he left the Government altogether the blow might well have been final.

With Trumpets and Drums

By the new law lately passed it is death to incite to resistance to the Black Shirts, and imprisonment for long terms is the punishment for daring to criticise the Fascists. These offences are tried not by courts of law, but by members of the Fascist militia, the Black Shirts themselves, who may or may not have an army officer in the chair. When sentence of death is to be passed it is now solemnly announced. "The accused will be recondacted before the Tribunal, with drums beating and trumpets blowing, to hear his sentence read."

Every citizen must take out a new passport, no one may leave the country without permission, and any person the police suspect of discontent may be forbidden to move more than five miles from his home. Every hall porter in residential districts must report to the police, which means that he must become a spy on those he serves.

The Reign of Terror

Even these monstrous laws are beaten by the acts of the men appointed to administer the law. The homes of many of Italy's finest citizens have been invaded and looted, and their owners beaten. Other prominent citizens have simply disappeared. Newspapers which do not applaud these deeds have had their offices wrecked and their staffs beaten. One prominent paper has called openly for the assassination of a public man who has dared to speak his mind.

Most appalling of all, the Black Shirts are making lists of men of good position everywhere, who are told that they are hostages of Mussolini's life; on the day Mussolini is killed all these are to be led out and shot without trial.

The Italians are a proud people, and there is deep humiliation for them in this destruction of the whole system of civilised government. It is impossible to believe that they will long suffer this Reign of Terror to continue.

LITTLE BAGS OF HAPPINESS

Joy is Cheap Today

TWO CHRISTMASES FOR EVERYBODY WHO WANTS THEM

By a Friend of the Editor

The week of secrets is drawing near again, the week full of delightful plans and reckonings. We go into a corner and ask the grown-ups please to take no notice, put our heads together, and decide what we will give everybody for Christmas. But before we begin, says a friend of the C.N., I want you to listen to me.

If you have had an Irish grandmother you will know what the Irish fairies do. They collect tiny snippets of gold about the size of an eyelash from here and there, and when they have enough they fill a little pot about the size of a thimble and bury it in a magic place, and they are happy.

The Tiny Crock of Gold

Now, before you begin talking secrets in a corner, I want you to put away a few snippets of your store, as much as you can spare of threepenny-bits and sixpences. It would be a poor kind of house that could not fill a thimble with threepenny-bits!

Instead of burying this tiny crock of gold you put it into a pretty little coloured bag. The bag is waiting for you at 26, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Send a postcard to our old friend The Secretary, Save the Children Fund, and he will send it to you and tell you all about it.

A Store of Happiness

The Fund is fighting hard now to open its first Open-air Residential School for London children who will soon sicken and die if they cannot live in the open air. Will you help them with a little coloured bag?

Think a moment of what we put into those little bags besides threepenny-bits. We put in a great store of happiness, for health means joy and romping about, and this magic gift finds its way into the life of a sickly child who can do nothing but sit and watch others play. Our Christmas will be all the merrier for having thought of those whose Christmases cannot ever be merry unless we help. It will be like having two Christmases apiece.

JUMPING FROM ONE BOAT TO ANOTHER

A Brave Deed in a Stormy Sea

"It was a hundred-to-one-chance, and it came off," said Captain McReadie, of the Glasgow collier Carlbeath, after his ship had rescued the crew of the schooner Anne Marie.

"It was the most wonderful piece of seamanship I have ever seen," said the owner of the rescued schooner.

The Anne Marie had been vainly striving to pump herself free of water for two days in terrible seas when the Carlbeath came up. The captain decided that the only way was to pass under her stern and give the crew a chance to jump on to the collier's deck. It was touch and go; they missed the schooner only by inches, and the captain declares he would not do it again for a thousand pounds.

But he did it that time, and all the seven members of the schooner's crew jumped and were saved. A poor pointer dog was left behind and went down with the ship, much to Captain McReadie's regret.

The owner of the lost schooner, who happened to be on board, was Hindenburg's aide-de-camp in the war.

THE OLD HOUSE OF A GREAT MAN

SIR THOMAS MORE'S HOME

How his Distant Grandchild Met a Duchess There

FUTURE OF CROSBY HALL

It was just right for Margaret Roper Bray to give a bunch of flowers to the Duchess of York at Crosby Hall the other day.

She sat on the platform with the Duchess, for nine-year-old Margaret is a descendant of Sir Thomas More, who once owned Crosby Hall. The platform would not have been complete without Margaret, and, of course, the Duchess of York knew that when she said "Do come and sit-by me."

We have been hearing a great deal about Crosby Hall, and remembering a great deal. But we can see all that happened much more plainly now that we have seen Margaret there, in a dress like the old Margaret wore when she was a little girl in Chelsea.

When Chelsea was a Village

The old Margaret Roper was a very sweet lady who lived about 400 years ago; Roper was her married name. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas More, who was made Lord Chancellor of England, much against his wish, on the downfall of Wolsey. Sir Thomas had a house in Chelsea and a house in London. The London house was called Crosby Place, a magnificent Tudor mansion standing in Bishopsgate.

Chelsea was then a riverside village, with farms and green fields around it. It seemed quite a long way from London City, which stood tucked inside its great wall, with hundreds of churches and big and little houses with gardens. When the Lord Chancellor went from Chelsea to look at Crosby Place and visit his friends in London he generally went by river. The Thames was the great highway of London, safer to travel by than roads, which were full of pickpockets and quarrelsome people.

Sailing to the Traitor's Gate

The barges were beautiful and the people were gaily dressed, and nearly always there was someone singing and playing viols or recorders as the slow boats went by. Margaret Roper often went with her father in his barge.

She met many learned people in the Chelsea house, and became very learned herself, but she had always a lovely and noble spirit. She was very happy until that sad day came when Sir Thomas More stepped down the water stairs at Chelsea for the last time, and sailed down the river to the Traitor's Gate of the Tower. He died for the sake of his conscience in 1535, butchered by our Bluebeard King.

Crosby Place suffered in the Great Fire of London, and before the end of the seventeenth century there was nothing left of it but the great hall of the mansion. This was used for many purposes as the generations went by.

Moving a Great Hall

About 17 years ago someone wanted to build on its site, and Crosby Hall was bought by the University and City Associations and moved, stone by stone, to Chelsea. There it was rebuilt as nearly as possible as it was before on the site of Sir Thomas More's Chelsea house.

With its new wing the hall has now been opened as a clubhouse for university women engaged in research work in London.

The house is not yet finished, and there is to be a garden running down toward the river.

It was to unveil a tablet commemorating the purchase of the house by the British University Women that the Duchess of York came to Crosby Hall and met Sir Thomas More's distant grandchild, Margaret Roper Bray.

A WEEK OF GOOD THINGS

WHEN two miners were buried by a fall of earth at Littleburn Colliery their comrades feared that digging would cause another fall and imprison them beyond rescue. A group of miners therefore formed themselves into a living barrier, and propped up the earth while others dug. After three hours of this perilous work both men were saved.

A HOSPITAL nurse who was left £100,000 by a patient has announced her intention of keeping only enough to give her an annuity of £500 a year, and devoting all the rest to a home for consumptives.

A SHABBY-looking brown paper parcel received at Queen's Hospital, Hackney, with no clue to the sender's name, contained 56 pound notes.

LORD EUSTACE PERCY, President of the Board of Education, has been telling a medical conference that the war has done one good thing. The experience gained in treating crippled soldiers had taught doctors much about the treatment of crippled children. Many things once considered incurable can now be treated. Under a new scheme it is hoped to eliminate the crippled child almost entirely.

At a dinner of the Royal Literary Fund the Prince of Wales said that all who loved books ought to show their gratitude by helping poor and sick authors instead of sending flowers to successful ones. The collection at the dinner reached the record figure of £5500.

GREAT courage was shown by the crew of the Cranstone, a steamer bound from Hamburg to Liverpool with fuel. The cargo took fire, and the waves reached a height of 20 feet. Men took it in turns to be lowered into the burning hold, where they played a hose on the fire. After a 14-hour fight the Cranstone was anchored at Southend with red-hot sides.

It was said of the Rev. Charles Hyde Brooke, who has died at 85, that he lived in lodgings and denied himself every luxury to help poor boys who wanted education.

THE Chief Scout has been having dinner at Johannesburg with men who defended Mafeking and men who besieged it in the Boer War, all of them friends today.

THINGS SAID

Your country needs you now.

Mrs. Baldwin

Is it not time to stop this insanity?

The Times on the Coal Crisis

It is not necessary to drink to get business.

Mr. Angus Watson

The wise people of the nation are teetotallers.

Mr. Leif Jones

It is not good policy to economise on the architect's fee.

The Prince of Wales

We should educate ourselves to glorify work, not to get out of it.

From a Miner's letter to the C.N.

I am 135 years old. The average man would need 135 years to do as much work as I have done in 84.

Mr. Edison

Fascism, deserted by everybody of any importance, cannot survive its founder by more than 48 hours.

Mr. George Renwick

The whole modern theory of prisons is to send as few young people there as possible.

The Home Secretary

Kruger's wagon, exiled to London as a proof of Britain's victory in war, will go back home as a proof of Britain's defeat by friendship.

General Hertzog

December 11, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

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THE DWELLER IN ABYDOS

A TIARA SETS US THINKING

The Ancient Egyptian and His Holy City

HOME OF THE GODS

There has been added to the treasures of the British Museum a relic of six thousand years ago.

It is a small tiara, composed of tiny, exquisite gold beads, and it comes from a grave at ancient Abydos, in Upper Egypt. With it are articles of great antiquity, though more modern than the tiara, including a beautiful model set of tools, of which the originals were used for the funerals of those far-away days.

It is impressive to ponder for a moment what such a discovery reveals. This tiara dates back to 40 centuries before Christ was born, to a period well over 3000 years before the records of Greece and Rome begin, and to a time nearly 4000 years before the name of our own land is even mentioned in history. Yet the work is perfect in design, beauty, and finish.

Monuments of a Mighty Past

Abydos has for many, many centuries been a ruin, yet modern men have won from the sands imposing architectural monuments of that mighty past. Two great temples, desolate and despoiled, where wild beasts and wild tribes have long had their haunts and habitations, stand to remind us not only of what those old Egyptians did, but of what they thought and believed. We might not be wholly wrong if we imagined a sort of history for this tiara.

Old Abydos was ranked among Egyptian cities second only to great Thebes. It was not its situation on the left bank of the Nile which gave it its eminence; not wealth, commerce, military significance, made it the second city of the Egyptian Empire. It derived its magnificence and fame from a pious belief. The wearer of the tiara may have dwelled in ancient Abydos from the most religious motives.

Osiris and His Scales

For the Egyptians believed that their great god Osiris was slain by his father, and that he was actually buried at Abydos. His supposed tomb was to them what the Holy City is to Christians, what Mecca is to the Mohammedans. So they went to Abydos, as to the most sacred spot on Earth, to live and die and be buried near their god. He at their death would pronounce sentence upon them. He could not pardon, he could not revenge; he must judge according to the facts. They believed him to be the instrument of Fate, compelled to execute its decrees.

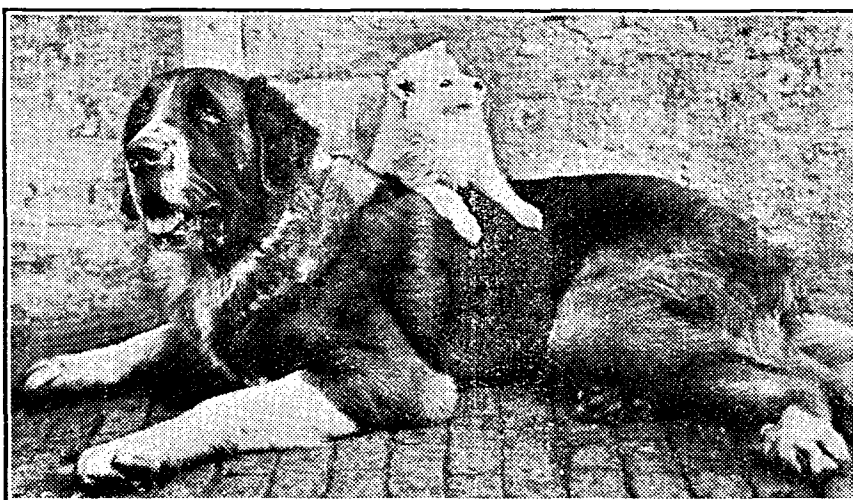
He was dead yet immortal. To be near him was to share a sacred atmosphere, in which, we must suppose, holy living and well-doing would be more probable than unholiness and ill-doing; and thus the dwellers in Abydos would be the more likely to find their good deeds outweighing their misdeeds when Osiris weighed them in his scales.

Fascinating Days

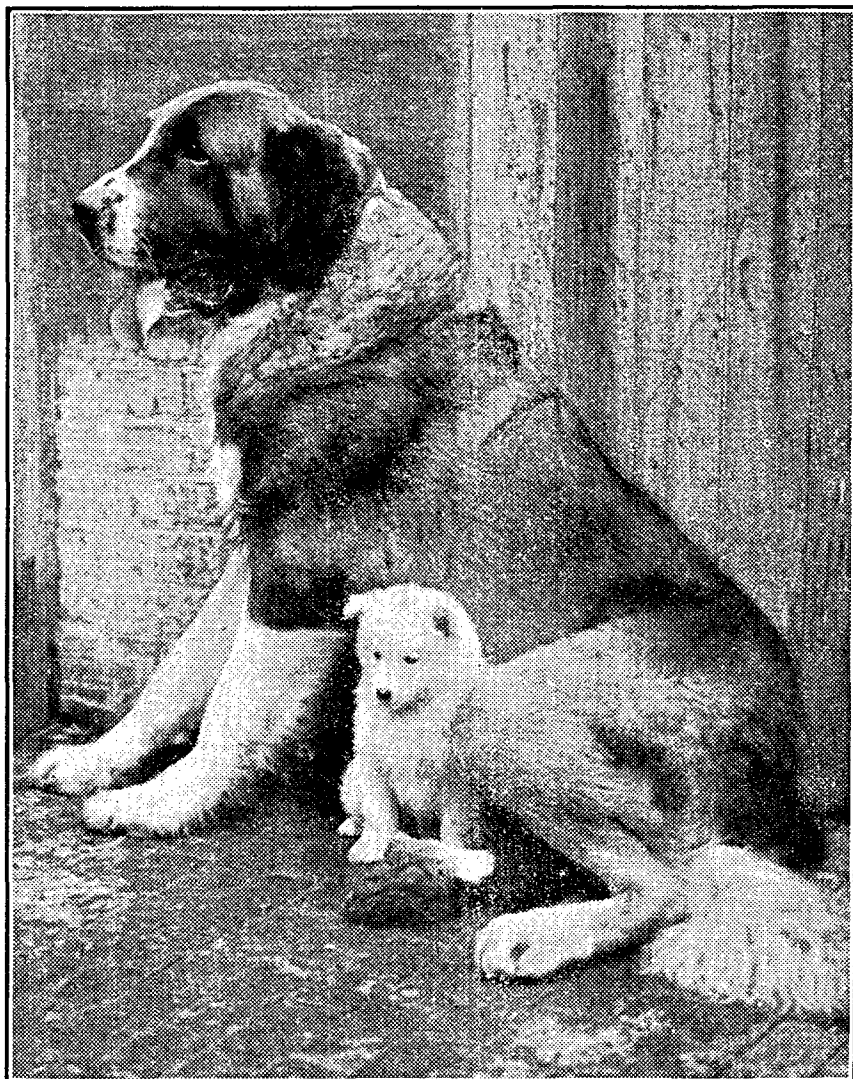
The Greeks adopted the gods and creeds of Egypt, and the Cretans, whose wonderful works are constantly being revealed to us, came to accept the story that their supreme god of heaven died and was buried in the manner of Osiris; and they, like the Egyptians, showed what they had by their religion to believe was the tomb of their supreme deity.

It is all one now, the city in ruins, like the faith in the god that never was. But this old tiara comes to us from the tomb, fresh, beautiful, full of wonder, to remind us of those strange, fascinating days of thousands of years before Britain had a name.

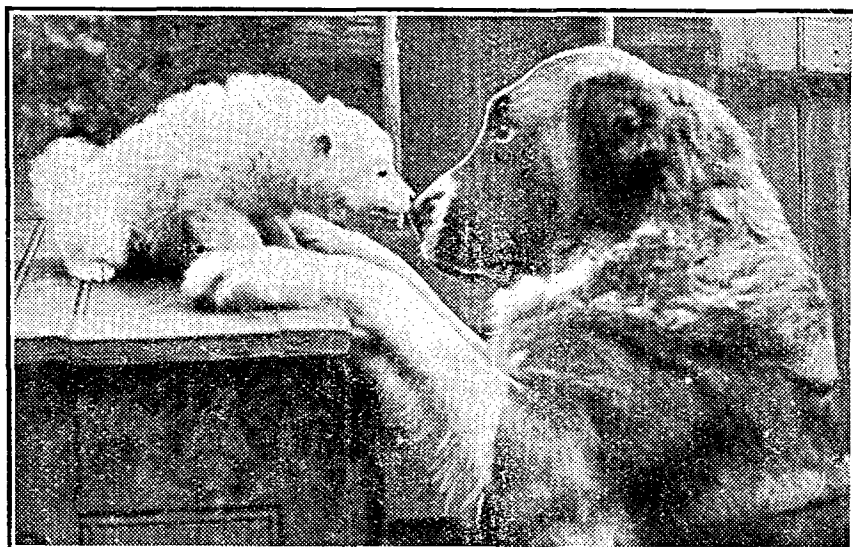
THE SNOW DOGS MEET



The two dogs taking a rest



David overshadowed by his big friend Goliath



The giant greeting the pigmy

A London dog-breeder owns a splendid St. Bernard, which has become very friendly with a Samoyede puppy, as seen in these pictures. The St. Bernard is the tallest in the world and is named Goliath, so the Samoyede has been called David. St. Bernards are famous for their work of rescuing travellers lost in the snow of the St. Bernard Pass, and Samoyedes pull sledges in the Arctic, so it may be that these two friends would welcome a snowy winter

A WONDERFUL THING THE LEAGUE HAS DONE SETTLING THE REFUGEES

A Little More Happiness for a Million and a Half Lives

HOUSES AT £60 APIECE

One of the finest pieces of work yet achieved under the authority of the League is the settlement of the million and a half Greek refugees on the soil of the mother country, and the League does well to publish the story in book form. (Constable, 2s. 6d.)

There is a very practical reason for this step. Since the original loan of ten million pounds was raised two years ago to finance the work of settlement still further refugees have arrived, and, though the present funds will last through the winter, a further loan of five millions will be required in the spring if the work is to be completed. It is not to be doubted that the money will be forthcoming once the splendour of what has been achieved is realised.

A Good Beginning

Greece, with a population of five million people who had suffered from ten years of war and politics, could not possibly have faced the task of absorbing a thirty-per-cent increase in the number of her citizens, and the refugees themselves included only a small number of strong men. Women, children, and old men had lost through warfare their natural protectors.

And so the League, with money and expert guidance, came to the rescue. Cattle, agricultural implements, houses, waterworks, health services, were provided and suitable land secured to set up these destitute fugitives in the work for which they were best adapted.

The departure of Turks from Western Thrace and of Bulgars from Southern Macedonia had left many houses and much land available. That made a good beginning, though the houses needed repair and the land needed seed and stock. By last spring, also, over 20,000 new houses had been built in the towns and 40,000 in the country, many at a cost of only £60 apiece.

New Prosperity for Greece

With the aid of the new settlers agricultural methods have been revolutionised throughout Northern Greece, and the area under cultivation has doubled in a single year. Wheat production has gone up by 70 per cent, and the day is within sight when Greece will cease to import grain. Other refugees are growing Turkish tobacco and others are making Turkish carpets. These carpet-makers will bring a new prosperity to Greece, as the Huguenots brought prosperity to England.

This sorting-out of the races in Macedonia, the immigration of Greeks and the emigration of Turks and Bulgars, has been a painful and distressing process, but it is not to be doubted that in the end it will make for peace and stability in the Balkans, where racial conflict has worked such misery and havoc in the past.

THE LIGHT THAT DOES NOT FAIL

Who does not give a thought on dark and stormy nights to the lighthouses around our coasts, set as luminous sentinels to guide and cheer the mariner over the ocean wave?

And how constant these friendly beacons are! The engineer who has attended the light of St. Catherine's Lighthouse in the Isle of Wight for many years has recently retired, and he declares that this fifteen-million candle-power light has never failed in its 22 years of service.

HORSE STORIES

A FIGHT WITH A WOLF IN THE MOUNTAINS

Odd Sight Seen by a Girl in California

THE OLIVE BRANCH

Two interesting stories about horses have come to us in one week. The first hails from the Carpathian Mountains, where wolves have been doing considerable damage.

Two men were watching over some horses in the Zurja Valley, near Janos Koral, when a wolf appeared and leaped at the throat of a foal. The men fled, but a horse rushed to the young foal's rescue. From a safe spot the men saw an exciting battle between the angry wolf and the horse. Again and again the wild beast sprang for the horse's throat, but the horse fought him off with teeth and hooves, and at last delivered a kick which stunned the wolf, so that the men took courage and killed it.

A Strange Thing Happens

The other story comes from California, and comes to us from an eye-witness. Several horses were grazing together when two started to fight. It was a very ugly business. The animals squealed with rage, and blood was flowing. The owner's daughter, who saw it happen, was going to run for help, but a strange thing stopped her. Another horse cantered to some branches which had been lopped from a tree in the meadow, and took one in his teeth. Then he galloped full tilt at the fighters and forced them apart. They seemed so astonished at this intervention that they did not resume the battle.

Did the peacemaker deliberately try to separate the duellists? Or was his action merely the purposeless result of excitement? The lady who saw it says she believes the horse really meant to stop the battle. Our English horses are very beautiful, she says, but not so intelligent as those in her native land.

We like to think the horse was reminding his comrades about the olive branch of peace!

SILKWORM NEWS

Their Light and Food

A DISCOVERY OF GREAT VALUE

The discovery has been made that silkworms glow when exposed to ultra-violet light.

The light is invisible to the human eye, but if it strikes a healthy silkworm a bright white glow is produced in the organ in which the silk is secreted, while its blood glows with a yellow light. As this glow is only given off by healthy silkworms the rays are being used to sort out the best worms.

Another item of silkworm news comes from Italy, and is expected to multiply her production of silk twentyfold.

Hitherto the number of silkworms that can be bred has depended on the number of mature mulberry trees the breeder possesses, and a mulberry tree has taken ten or fifteen years to mature. But Signor Luca Tondani has found that the first tender shoots of the newly-sown tree make as good food for the silkworm as leaves of the grown tree.

He has found, also, that mulberries planted in each of nine months of the year produce in their due turn these shoots, which can be reaped as regularly as maize or corn, and in each of nine months fresh relays of silkworms can be bred and their silk reeled off the cocoon as fast as it is wanted.

It is believed that this discovery will be of the greatest importance to Italy.

THE LITTLE BIT OF BRONZE

An M.P. and a British Tribute

THE THINGS NOT SEEN

There is a Marble Hall of Remembrance in Washington to America's Unknown Warrior, and therein are to be seen the tributes of many nations to American valour.

One of our M.P.s. has been to see it, and he is disappointed. He is Sir Cooper Rawson, and he thinks the tribute resting there from Great Britain compares unfavourably with those of other nations. In the House of Commons he has asked if steps can be taken to make a more suitable contribution.

Sir Cooper Rawson should turn to his Bible. There he will find an exhortation to "look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

The Symbol of Valour

What is the tribute of Great Britain in this Marble Hall of Memory? It is the Victoria Cross, our highest decoration for valour, never before sent to any foreign land.

King George, in telling the American President of his wish to confer it, said: "I trust the American people will accept the gift in order that the British Empire may thus most fitly pay its tribute to a tomb which symbolises every deed of conspicuous valour performed by men of your great fighting forces."

We do not know what form the tributes of other nations took, but however splendid they cannot, to the seeing eye, outshine in splendour the Victoria Cross. To such a gift, as Mr. Baldwin says, nothing should or could be added.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

For half a century Secretary of the Religious Tract Society, Mr. David J. Legg has died at Woodford, Essex.

At a Leicestershire police court a man has been fined for giving a toy trumpet to a little boy in exchange for rags.

97 and Busy

Aged 97, Mr. James Kirtley, a Durham man, mounted a ladder to the roof of his house to carry out some repairs.

A Burmese Lady Barrister

A Burmese lady has been called to the English bar at the Middle Temple. She will practise among women in Rangoon.

Last Child of Her Island

Mrs. Eliza Ashford, the last child to be born on the now uninhabited Scilly Island of Samson, has died at 87.

Dutch Flowers for London

Over fifty thousand bulbs of 250 varieties, have been shipped in one consignment from Holland for a great border in Hyde Park.

Well Done, Fox!

A fox fled from hounds into Plymouth and hid under an office floor. When the hounds gave up Reynard stole off to a plantation near by.

Modern Smugglers

More than half the seizures of smuggled goods last year were of tobacco. Penalties amounting to over £12,000 were imposed on 3,400 smugglers.

A Boy's Last Thought

"It wasn't the driver's fault, Daddy; I skidded," were the last words of Leslie Goodbody as he lay dying in the road at Parkstone, Dorset.

The Right Thing in the Right Place

A hen flew in through a window of a poultry-owner's house at Larned, in Kansas, and laid an egg in one of the empty divisions of an open egg-case.

The £10,000-a-Year Man

Dr. Little, M.P. for the University of London, speaking in the House of Commons not long ago, told of a commercial traveller who by studying in the train succeeded in obtaining a London Degree. He is now a leader of industry with a salary of ten thousand pounds a year.

C. K. S.

A Very Great Bookman

The other day, down in his house at Great Missenden, there died a very remarkable man. His name was Clement Shorter, and he was one of the greatest lovers of books in England. Every bookman knew him as C. K. S. He gave to books the greatest passion of his soul, and lived in order first to read them and then to collect them.

He built himself a most beautiful library, all pale oak and vivid glass windows. We remember when last we saw it that there were so many books in it that they were even placed in rows under the steps that led up to the little gallery at the end. There were statues here and there, made by his first wife, an Irish poet.

Our First Picture Paper

Mr. Shorter was editor for many years of that splendid illustrated weekly paper the Sphere; he made the first modern picture paper in England, and was one of the pioneers in the journalism which has become so popular and so successful now. Was it not lucky for this thirsty lover of books that he had all the new ones sent to him for review? In his room was a big laundry hamper, and into this the review copies that he did not care for were thrown, to be sent away to be bought by a London bookseller. With the money he got for them Mr. Shorter would buy other books that he wanted.

He had many rare editions. All his books looked lovely and shining and well cared for. There was no disorder in the library; no book was roughly thrown down on table or floor.

C. K. S. and the C.N.

We know much more about the wonderful Brontë sisters, and more of that extraordinary genius George Borrow, thanks to Mr. Shorter's reading of old letters and visits to odd villages where relations of these great people have lived. No trouble was too much for him to take, no journey too long to go, if some fact could be found out about a fine writer.

Latterly Mr. Shorter used to be rather kind in reviewing fairy tales and children's books, because in the last few years of his life there came to him his first little girl, Doreen. He used to love reading the C.N. too; he said of it that it was the one newspaper he could understand and delight in. For many months past Mr. Shorter had given up work and lived in pain, but he leaves behind a host of men who will remember him. His life was touched with a genius entirely his own, and his heart was as kind as a heart can be.

TWO FIFTEENS

The C.N. offers its congratulations to two boys, and wishes them well.

Denis Woods, a Liverpool boy, has made a crystal set encased in a walnut shell. A picture of it is on the back page. It will work two pairs of headphones a mile and a half from the relay station. The ingenious constructor is only fifteen.

Thomas Sandilands is also fifteen. He came to London to seek work because his father's small business in Rhondda Valley had been wrecked by the strike. Thomas got a job as pantry-boy in a London hotel. As he is a cheerful boy he sang at his work. A lady heard him, and has become his fairy godmother. His voice is being trained, and already he has had an engagement at a National Sunday League Concert.

KNITTING THE PEOPLES TOGETHER

Two Nations Exchange Prizes

ENGLISH WRITER'S FORTUNE AND SWEDISH ARTIST'S MEDAL

By a strange coincidence the Swedish Academy has given the Nobel Prize to a writer of English at the same time as the Institute of British Architects has awarded the King's Gold Medal to a Swedish architect.

Art knits races closer than treaties and politics. The people who love beauty form a League of Nations which has nothing whatever to do with maps or boundaries.

When Mr. Bernard Shaw first heard that he had won the Nobel Prize he wished to accept the honour but return the prize itself, which is a sum of £6500. He suggested that the Swedish Academy should use the money to encourage literary intercourse between the nations by translating valuable books and by giving a grant to help certain excellent Swedish journals which need support.

Stockholm's Famous Town Hall

But it appears that the Academy has no legal power to do this, so Mr. Shaw has decided to accept the £6500. He will not use it for himself, but dedicate it to a fund for making Swedish authors better known in England.

The Swede who has won the greatest architectural honour bestowed in England is Professor Ostberg. He was born in Stockholm in 1866, and started to study architecture in his early boyhood. It has been said that all his work is good, but that his most famous building is the Town Hall of Stockholm.

Perhaps modern architecture cannot match it anywhere in the world; it was called by the Prince of Wales the other day one of the greatest achievements of human genius, and so it is.

A Symbol of Swedish Character

The people of Stockholm love it as if its noble walls were a symbol of Swedish character. On its copper summit is inscribed:

Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Goodwill toward Men.

The Gold Medal was instituted by Queen Victoria in 1848. Since then it has been won twelve times by France, four times each by Austria and Germany, three times by America, twice by Italy, and once by Holland and Canada. Now it is given to a great Swedish genius.

THE BRIDE IN A MOTOR BOAT

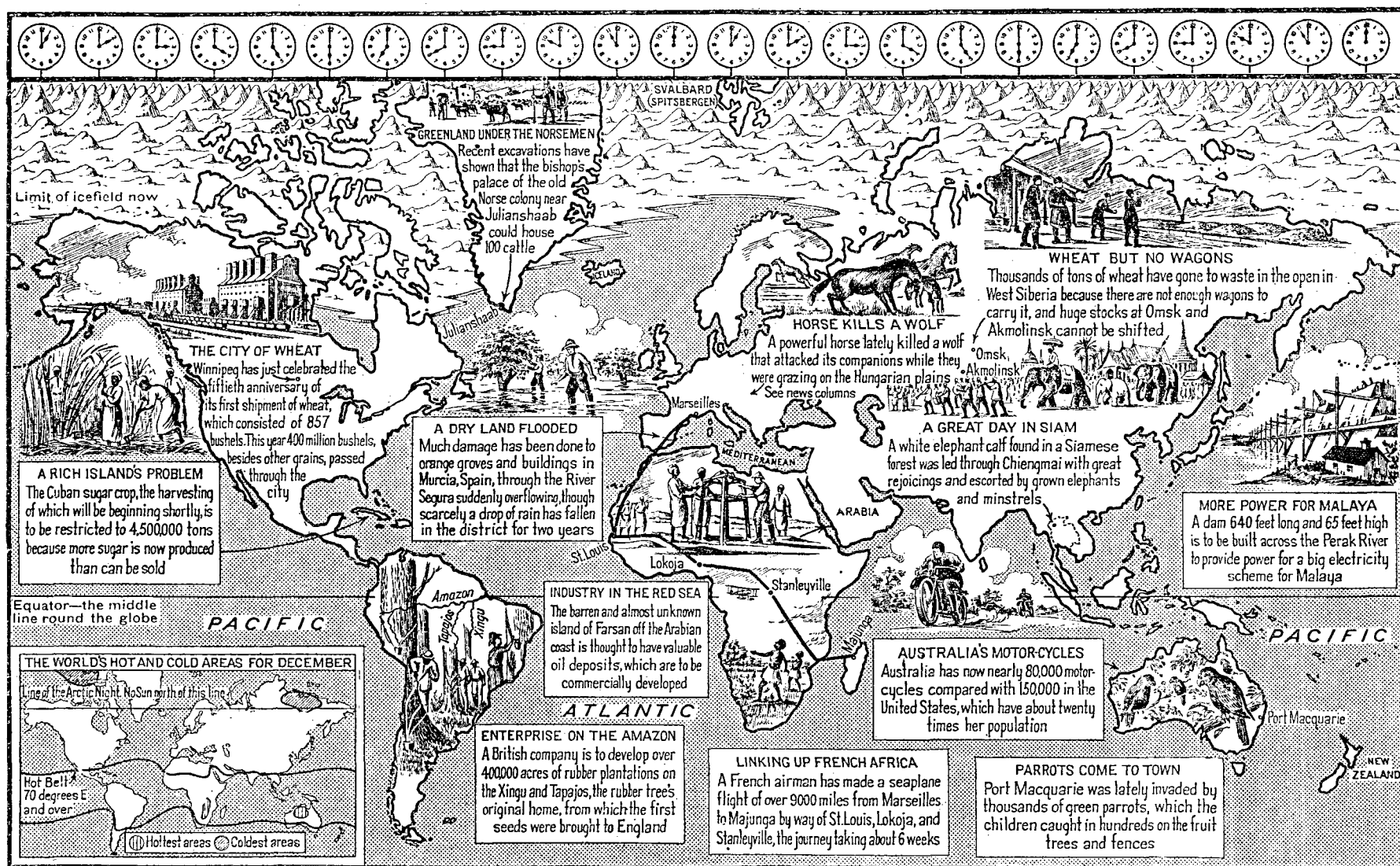
A Skipper Goes Out to Sea

Motor-boats have been put to strange uses lately. It will be a long time before the country forgets how a poor stag was chased in a motor-boat by the noble sportsmen of Somerset, and dragged back to shore and butchered. A better use of a motor-boat was made by Captain Konow.

This gentleman is the skipper of a Norwegian steamer. He fell in love in England, but he could not get married in England because he is not resident there. The sailor overcame this legal difficulty by taking his bride and the pastor out of Plymouth Harbour in a motor-boat. It was very rough, so they could not venture far, but so long as there was ocean instead of English soil under them they were able to say they were being "married at sea."

We are afraid the poor little bride had to do without a white dress, a veil, and a wreath of orange blossom, but we hope she will be happy ever after.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A SANCTUARY OR NOT A SANCTUARY?

Will France Please See to It?

A year ago the C.N. Natural Historian told with much satisfaction how the French Government had made Kerguelen Land a Sanctuary for the penguins and other birds frequenting its desolate and deeply indented shores.

We naturally supposed that the same immunity from slaughter would be extended to the seals, which have almost been exterminated in the South Indian and South Atlantic oceans.

We note that quite recently the French League for the Protection of Birds has given its silver medal to M. Etienne Peau, whose action led to the establishment of this National Antarctic Sanctuary, and as the French are above all else a logical people we cannot believe they would preserve the penguins and give up the seals to wholesale massacre. Formerly the penguins were slaughtered in that way for their oil and skins, but they, presumably, are now safe.

But what are the further facts? Correspondents in South Africa inform us that last year a seal-butcherer expedition left the Cape for Kerguelen Land and killed thousands of seals before the steamer was wrecked. Now, we hear, another expedition is going to the Jeanne d'Arc sealing station on the island to repeat the slaughter, although the place has the name of a Sanctuary as well as the name of Joan of Arc.

Does the French Government know this? Will it allow the name of its Sanctuary to be a mockery? We hope French logic will be more consistent.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Alyone	Al-sy-o-ne
Asterope	As-ter-o-pe
Kerguelen	Kerg-cl-en
Merope	Mer-o-pe
Tapajos	Tah-pah-zhos
Xingu	Shin-goo

A MAN SPEAKS AFTER FIVE YEARS OF SILENCE
Surprise in a Hospital

A deaf-and-dumb man, put under an anaesthetic while a splinter was taken from his finger, found himself cured, not only of his splinter but of his deafness and dumbness too.

Five years ago a blow in the neck in a boxing match destroyed both his speech and hearing, and no cure could be found; but when an attendant at St. Bartholomew's Hospital touched him to see whether he had recovered from the anaesthetic he exclaimed quite naturally, "All right!"

His recovery is as impossible to explain as the original injury. It may have been due to the anaesthetic or to the shock of the operation. But clearly Ernest Babbage was in luck when he drove that splinter into his finger.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

2 Gainsborough pictures	£92,400
2 paintings by Romney	£88,200
Pinkie, by Lawrence	£77,700
A Beauvais tapestry suite	£27,823
Painting by Raeburn	£24,675
A panel of Gobelins tapestry	£19,950
Painting by Hoppner	£18,900
A Louis XV upright secretaire	£10,237
A small statuette of a nymph	£5040
Pair of Yung-Chang vases	£3780
George III silver dinner-service	£2646
Pair of Louis XVI candelabra	£2541
A Louis XVI striking vase clock	£2467
Kilmarnock edition of Burns	£780
A marble bust of Louis XV	£735
A Charles II silver tankard	£543
Extra-illustrated Boswell, 1831	£520
1st edition of Pickwick Papers	£470
Set of 8 Hepplewhite armchairs	£462
An etching by James McBey	£395
An Elizabethan Court cupboard	£220
Pamphlet by R. L. Stevenson	£160
A Crimean War V.C.	£90

JEWELS IN THE MUD
Queer Tom Tiddler's Ground

A great number of alarm clocks have been going off in the small hours at South Shields, where, in any case, folk generally get up bright and early. Then, soon afterward, a great number of people have set out for the riverside.

They made a curious procession of men and women, policemen and boys. Most of them had an electric torch in one hand and a rake in the other, and once at the riverside they started scraping in the mud. This mud, left when the tide runs out, is about ankle deep, and extremely awkward. But that was not the reason why the rakers stepped delicately, like Agag. They were afraid of walking on watches, bracelets, rings, and brooches!

The reason for this extraordinary situation is apparently that some burglars responsible for many thefts in the district got a little scared, and, thinking that dead men tell no tales, threw the whole of their booty into the river. The police heard of it and instituted a search.

We can quite understand that, once the tale got abroad, there were plenty of willing hands to help.

About a hundred pounds' worth of jewellery was soon recaptured, and we suspect that the river-bed will be a Tom Tiddler's Ground for a long time yet.

A CHEMIST'S DISCOVERY
Great Saving of Wool

By what we call mere accident a New Zealand chemist at Dunedin has discovered a process for cleaning wool which will be of the greatest value.

Hitherto it has been considered impossible to remove the stains made in branding sheep with the owner's mark, and this has meant the loss of much good wool. The new process takes these stains away and makes the branded wool as marketable as the rest.

POOR EUROPE

Trade's Centre of Gravity
Changes

GRAVE EFFECT OF THE WAR

The world's population has increased five per cent since the year before the war, and its trade has increased in about the same proportion.

But the trade of Europe has decreased in the same interval by ten per cent, says the League of Nations.

The areas which show the greatest commercial progress are North America, Asia, and Oceania, with the startling result that the centre of the world's commercial gravity has been shifted from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Despite the war, the population of Western Europe has kept pace with the world increase, five per cent, while production, despite the fall in trade, has increased seven per cent. But the population of North America and Asia has increased by 20 per cent, and their trade by 33 per cent.

The world's production of raw material has increased by 16 to 18 per cent, but in North America, Asia, and Africa the increase is 23 per cent and in South America 33 per cent.

OUR SAVINGS

Millions Put By in Hard Times

All through the coal stoppage the sales of National Savings Certificates in England and Wales averaged over £700,000 a week.

No other country in Europe, says General Seely, Chairman of the National Savings Committee, has a record to compare with this. Of course the stoppage had its effects. The sales were two million pounds lower than last year and the withdrawals two millions more, so that altogether the stoppage has cost the savers four millions.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 11 1926

The Old Lady Thinks It Over

THE Dominion children are growing up. These strong young nations Britain has planted out in the far corners of the world came this year to see the old Mother, and, though a little shy of saying all that was in their minds, they said at last that what they wanted most was to go their own way. They knew all the Old Lady had done for them, but they did not want to be mothered so much now.

The Old Country thought it over. She had often been a stern parent to her children, but they were always sure she would let no one else raise a hand to them.

And truly the Old Lady, as time had gone on, grew sometimes a little weary of the burden of Empire; sometimes even wondering whether, if she were in need, her children would stand up for her. She need not have wondered. In her hour of need they stood round her as one man.

In that hour two things were made plain to Britain. One was that something stronger than obligation bound her children to her side. The other was that they who had helped her were now strong enough to help themselves if they wished. So, when they put that wish to her, she put aside the old thoughts of children tied to her apron-strings.

She put aside also (though perhaps with a sigh) the recollection of the old fable of the bundle of sticks which, when tied together, is far stronger than any one stick. If the sticks wanted to stand alone let them try. Britain loosed the leading strings.

There is a yet greater side to this act of willing surrender. Britain once more has shown the world what confidence means, what trust means, and where lies the strength of nations and empires. In a world troubled by war and the fear of war there is a cry for disarmament, but each nation fears to begin.

Great Britain disarms. She stands alone. Her strong sons need not fight for her. They need not join her in the Council Room of nations. She stands before the world as the little island she has always been, drawing no warlike strength from the nations she has sown so far and wide, yet unafraid because she is confident in right and justice.

She created the first League of Nations out of her own people, and she has announced to all the world that her children, now grown up, are free to stand alone, bound by no laws, tied by no machinery, free to go their own way, even for her or against her if they will.

It is a mighty declaration. It is our way of telling the world that we must trust each other if we will have strength and peace.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Their Dear Old School

THERE are many sad stories about children whose days have been passed in orphanages and charity schools. In the past there was Jane Eyre, and in the present there is Daddy Longlegs. They make us feel that children in orphanages may have food, clothes, and shelter but no love.

This is not true. We are glad to see the letter sent to the Alexandra Orphanage with a cheque for fifty pounds from two ladies, who gave their savings "with best wishes for our dear old school."

No rich man could speak more affectionately of Eton or Harrow.



Johnny Bull Still Going

The Prime Minister has reminded us that the Frenchman Rousseau said in 1760 that "it is very easy to see that in 20 years England will be ruined, and will have lost her liberty." 1760 came and went, 1860 came and went, 1960 is on the way, and England is still laughing at Rousseau.

Not Enough

GREAT and noble and pure as it is, patriotism is not enough. If patriotism alone is going to be our guide the world will surely perish.

GENERAL SMUTS

What is Nature Doing?

NATURE would probably lose many order marks if she were punished for unpunctuality.

A gentleman who lives an hour from London, at Chelsfield in Kent, had a strange experience of Nature's wayward behaviour in the third week of November. He picked ripe raspberries, due last July, and wild primroses, due next March, both growing in the open.

We should like to know whether Dame Nature thinks it is now last summer or next spring. She is behaving rather like the gentleman who said the only way he knew of catching a train was to miss the one before it.

To Read in 1000 Years

Consider yourself every day as a blank sheet of paper put into your hands that you may fill it with writing which will last for ever. Have a care to write only things that you may read with pleasure in a thousand years.

AN OLD PHILOSOPHER

The Handicap

EUROPE, with its 38 frontiers, its high duties, its Customs formalities, is labouring under an impossible handicap compared with the United States, a territory equal to Europe, with intercourse and exchange absolutely free.

LORD D'ABERNON

Tip-Cat

IT is said that Queen Marie found very little of Rumania in America. But many other sorts of mania, no doubt.

AN M.P. advises everybody to wait and think. But so many can't think of waiting.

BIG business is reported by waste-paper buyers in Aberdeen. Strange that anything there should be wasted.

WE are not so much troubled about what man descended from as about what he descends to.

SOMEBODY is urging the world to adopt a new religion. But why not try the old one?

WE are told that the next census will embrace 18,000,000 women.

We are not told how long it will take it to do it.

KEYS and key-holes rarely beautify a room. Still, they serve their turn.

GAS companies are urged to advertise. A delicate hint that they should give us more gas.

IT is a pity, we are told, that people do not express their nice thoughts more frequently. Perhaps they do not have them more often.

IF the spider who eats her husband is a cannibal what is the man who lives on his forefathers?

The Resistible Impulse

WE do not recognise irresistible impulse in this court, said a judge the other day, when asked to excuse a thief who had a morbid desire to take other people's things under an "irresistible impulse."

It is a wholesome thing for all of us to remember. We are all ready to make excuses for ourselves, and to believe that no one could have held out against our temptations. But we are not the playthings of chance. We are not puppets, performing actions only as Fate pulls the strings. We are human souls, with the power to choose between right and wrong and the strength to resist temptation.

The fight may be hard, but it is all the more glorious to win it. *There is no irresistible impulse.*



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If cork screws
are used for
light houses

A Walk in a Fog

WE wonder if many people have noticed a very curious thing.

Lord Grey was noticed on one of these rather misty November nights passing close by the Foreign Office to say a word for the League of Nations; and we wonder if he remembers the day on which he began his great career at the Foreign Office.

He was to guide the destinies of Europe in the most terrible fog in which a statesman ever found himself, and it is odd to think that he first entered the Foreign Office, 21 years ago, on the foggiest day he has ever known.

Finding the Foreign Office

This is how he describes his journey from Buckingham Palace, where he had received the seals of office from the King, to the Foreign Office, half a mile away in a straight line:

I drove to Buckingham Palace in a brougham hired for the occasion, and John Morley, Henry Fowler, and I drove away in it together after receiving our seals. We had got but a little way from the gates when the brougham came to a stand, completely lost in the fog.

Thinking I could do better on my feet, I left the brougham; in a few steps I had lost my way and sense of direction. I walked into the head of a horse, and felt my way along its side till I found a hansom cab attached to it. The driver, when asked if he could find his way to Birdcage Walk, said he had just come from it and would try; he succeeded after some time, and it was then easy to follow the kerb at a foot's pace to the Foreign Office, where I then took over the work.

Such was the beginning of the career which led Europe to the great good fortune of having this famous man at the helm when the Dark Hour came.

Innisfree

PERHAPS the best-known poem by a living writer is *Innisfree*. We can nearly all say the simple, haunting lines which begin:

*I will arise and go now, and go to
Innisfree.*

Mr. Yeats, in his new autobiographical book, tells us how his poem came to be written.

One day he was walking down Fleet Street, very weary of London's noise and dust, when he heard the tinkle of water. It was only an artificial fountain in a shop window, with a little ball balancing on top of the jet, but it brought back the memory of lake water lapping on the shore. He thought of quiet green places, a linnet's song, and the sound of bees. A weariness of the foreign pavements and the rushing traffic filled his heart. He longed to be back in Ireland. Out of this mood was born *Innisfree*. The poet truly meant the last verse: I will arise and go now, for always night and day

I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

The wise man is he who learns of all men.

PERSIAN MAXIM

December 11, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE BRITISH LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BROTHERS SIDE BY SIDE

The Great Idea that Grew Out of the Imperial Conference

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND FRATERNITY

A great new thing has happened in that Commonwealth of Nations we call the British Empire. Britain and her daughter nations have been talking things over, and have decided that the time has come to make new domestic arrangements.

Of course Britain's daughters have been grown up some time, and the Mother Country has treated them accordingly. But there has been no definite agreement about it, and some of the old rules of the nursery and the schoolroom are still in existence, though nobody thinks of applying them.

A Momentous Pronouncement

The older daughters, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, have not much minded; they knew pretty well where they stood in practice, whatever the theory might be. But the younger daughters (younger in their independence) have sometimes found the position a little hard to understand; and all have agreed that the time has come to put the whole matter on a proper footing.

A committee of the Prime Ministers attending the Imperial Conference, with Lord Balfour as their chairman, has now drawn up a report containing a series of recommendations for making the status of the Dominions clear to all the world. The committee begins with this momentous pronouncement:

Great Britain and the Dominions are autonomous Communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

The Life-Blood of Cooperation

That great declaration is only the starting-point. By itself it would appear to suggest that the whole object is to make mutual interference impossible. The real object is much more important; it is to make mutual co-operation easy. Freedom and equality are the life-blood of effective cooperation among peoples, as among individuals.

Freedom, equality, and cooperation are the aims: how are they to be attained? In the first place, the Government of Great Britain must abandon all appearance of giving instructions to the Governor-General of any Dominion, for he stands as representative of the King in the crowned republic overseas. All communication should be between Government and Government, and carried on through representatives of each of the sister Governments in each of the sister capitals when direct communications between Prime Ministers are not enough; it will be a sort of diplomatic service within the Empire.

Freedom and Equality

In foreign affairs the same independence as the Home Government has is claimed for the Dominions. This is rather startling when put baldly in that way; but here again freedom and equality are only the instruments of cooperation. In any agreement with a foreign country, and even in any Act of Parliament, a Dominion, like the Mother Country, is not to do anything affecting any other member of the Commonwealth without its free consent.

That is the keynote of the whole report: consultation where common interests are concerned, freedom where only home interests are involved. Sometimes treaties will be made with foreign Powers jointly by Britain and all the Dominions, sometimes by the Dominions without Britain, sometimes

THE CHIMNEY THAT WOULD NOT FALL

It is sometimes easier and safer to build a huge chimney than it is to pull it down.

That, probably, was the thought of the men who had to fell a monster chimney at Cradley, in the Black Country, the other day.

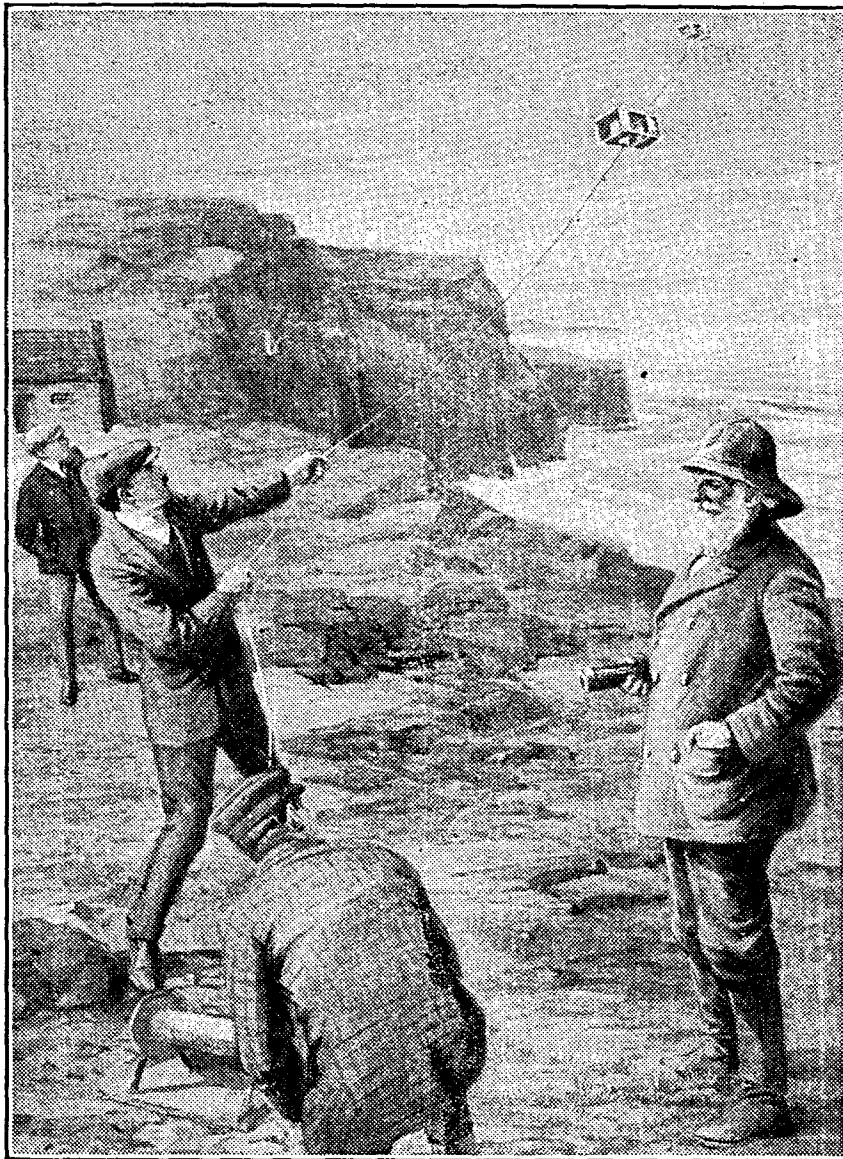
Two hundred feet high it was, containing over a million bricks, and weighing over 400 tons. But it had to come down, and the men used the method which is usual in these difficult tasks. They took away some of the bricks near the base, propping the gap with timber soaked in a spirit which slowly rots the wood. We can imagine how timidly they might have put the last prop in, and how cautiously they looked at the tower of bricks above!

That done, they left the chimney to its fate, and a cordon of policemen guarded a wide area round so that nobody should approach. But the chimney refused to fall! On the morrow it still stood, and it remained even after the timber props had been burned away, so somebody went to the base of the stack and inserted a charge of gunpowder, which was discharged from a safe distance.

The explosion brought the stack tottering down, and it fell with a roar which many people thought was another earthquake.

The great stack was built in days when chimneys were meant to stand and not to fall, and its obstinacy was a great tribute to the men who built it.

A DAY MARCONI REMEMBERS



Just twenty-five years ago an old seaman on the cliffs of Newfoundland stood laughing at three young men trying to fly a kite in a high wind. At last they succeeded, and at half-past eleven on the morning of December 12, 1901, the instrument in their hut tapped out the letter S several times. The young men were Marconi and two English companions, and they were listening to the first wireless message across the Atlantic sent from Poldhu, in Cornwall.

by Britain without the Dominions, as in the case of Locarno. Treaties will be signed in the name of the King by his representatives of each nation interested.

In principle this idea has actually prevailed since the Treaty of Versailles and the establishment of the League of Nations, in which the Dominions are all separate members. The new thing is the careful description of the parts of the Empire for which the "Government in Great Britain" has power to sign. It will all work well enough in practice. The British Government acted alone and signed alone at Locarno, and the Dominion Premiers have passed a unanimous resolution approving of the Treaty.

The whole arrangement must be judged in the light of the committee's statement that it recognises frankly that "in the sphere of Foreign Affairs, as in the sphere of Defence, the major share of responsibility rests now, and must for some time continue to rest,

with His Majesty's Government in Great Britain." That is a pledge that the British Government will not be hampered.

All these changes involve a change in the title of the King. The old reference to the United Kingdom disappears, and the King becomes:

George V by the grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

Whoever will lose his life shall find it. Britain surrenders her authority only to enhance it. What a spectacle it will be for the world! Six nations, each free mistress of her own policy, acting together for the world's peace and happiness, bound only by their goodwill, deferring to one another, cooperating with one another, standing united in the strength of their sovereign freedom, a British League of Nations pointing the way for the League of the Nations of the World.

UNCLE PAUL'S WAGON GOES HOME THE GREAT TREK

What South Africa's Premier Takes Back from London

A WAR CAPTURE RETURNS IN PEACE

General Hertzog takes back with him to his people the old veld wagon in which Paul Kruger went among the Boer farmers he had helped to make into a strong people.

He takes back with him more than that, for he is like the man in the fable who, when the harsh winds blew on him, wrapped his cloak the tighter, but unloosened it under the kindly beams of the Sun. When by a happy thought of kindness the City of London asked him to take back the old wagon as a gift from England General Hertzog could hardly speak for the tears that were in his heart.

Forefather of the Boer Nation

This wagon is a bit of the soul of the burghers of the Transvaal. It speaks of the days of the Great Trek, when their fathers, subtle, strong, and stubborn, crossed the Vaal and made their way over the high veld in wagons like this.

Old Paul Kruger was one of those who trekked and made good. His little people knew all about him and his faults, and still they loved him. To them old Uncle Paul in his wagon, a Bible in his hand and a top-hat on his head, was the nation's forefather. Prosperity may have come to their children since the tide of war swept him and his wagon out of the land, but the Transvaal has never been to them the same since. They do not forget him.

Now his wagon goes home, all the way from Table Bay to the verandah of that house in Pretoria where, with Vroouw Kruger, he sat and smoked his pipe.

Past Kopje and Spruit

We can see the old wagon arriving at Cape Town and the solid Dutch burghers assembling to meet it. There may be no triumphal arches or fluttering flags, but the wagon will be something of a triumphal car all the same. The old men who remember Uncle Paul will easily see his stiff old figure sitting up beneath the hood, just as he did more than a quarter of a century ago.

We like to think of the wagon going home by the roads with its yoke of oxen, round Table Mountain, past kopje and spruit, over the lowlands to the high veld. The veld is now springing with the returning flowers. The wagon would pass over them like a promise that is kept.

On its way it might pass Groote Schuur, the house where Cecil Rhodes lived, and we can think of his square-shouldered ghost coming out on to the stoep to look out of far-seeing, dreamy eyes at his old adversary.

Memories of the Great Trek

The wagon will plod on through the sunshine. The clean winds of the veld will blow through it. The farmers in their homesteads will come out with bare heads as it passes by, and will tell their children who the old man was who sat in it in the long ago.

So it will go through Colesberg and Middelburg till it comes to Bloemfontein, the city of flowers. It will leave Modder River, with its sad memories, behind it; it will cross the Orange River and the Vaal. All the memories of the Great Trek will pass along with it. The shadows of all the old Boer farmers who have passed on the greatest and last Trek of all will travel with it, an unseen but welcoming procession. At last it will come to the shaded streets of Pretoria. It will pass the town hall and market square; and there Briton and Boer will salute it. Thus, in the end, the wagon of Uncle Paul Kruger will come to its house and home again. It went away in War. It will return in Peace.

A WESTERN IN THE EAST

Romantic Career of a Crofter's Son

SCOTTISH BOY WHO LOVED JAPAN

Scholars have lately been busy praising a revised edition of James Murdoch's History of Japan.

This tremendous classic runs to nearly a million words and took 23 years to write. Unluckily, the author did not live to see the last volume published. He was a most remarkable man with a romantic history.

Murdoch was the son of a small crofter. As a boy he had to work in the fields and then serve in a shop, but he snatched time for learning and won a bursary for Aberdeen University. Other scholarships took him to Oxford, Göttingen, and the Sorbonne. At 24 the poor man's son was assistant professor of Greek at Aberdeen.

How the History was Begun

Soon people heard of him in Australia, where he had a headmastership worth a thousand a year, but he threw this up for the more adventurous life of a journalist. Newspaper business led him to Japan. He loved the people, forgot journalism, and settled down as a teacher. He married a charming little Japanese lady, and began to write the history of her land. Just five years before his death he pulled up his roots anew to become a professor at the University of Melbourne, but he returned to Japan for a holiday every year, and continued his history.

It is strange to think that the great authority on archaic Japanese manuscripts should be, not a Samurai, but a Scottish cotter's bairn. Perhaps he was such a good historian just because he was a working-man's son. He had not passed all his life in the seclusion of a study, but had known poverty, hard work, dreams, disillusion, many countries, and human love. After all, history deals with the actions of men and women, and the historian who knows only books cannot hope to understand history as well as he who knows both books and men.

A BOOK THAT STANDS ALONE

Stories of the Spirit of the Game

THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME. By Basil Mathews. With many stories. (Hodder, 2s. 6d.).

This book is the first volume of the Camp Fire Library, and we can unreservedly recommend it as most admirable reading for boys and for all who are interested in the training of boys.

In the first seventy pages Mr. Basil Mathews discusses, with his fine breadth of outlook, the influence of manly competitive games on national life through the young. Four stories by Mr. A. E. Southon follow, illustrating the features in games that build up character. Then there are three sketches from actual life which supplement the fine influences permeating the earlier parts of the book.

The stories are vividly told, in the purest spirit of sportsmanship, by writers who know thoroughly the games they describe. They ring true.

The survey by Mr. Mathews of the part now being played in the modern world by combination games has a serious value. It is written with a bright thoughtfulness that will appeal strongly to the older scholars in schools, and to all who organise games. The impression left on the reader is that sports have a power which cannot be brought into vital use in any other way. They replace the old-world chivalry.

So far as our reading extends this book stands alone, and we earnestly commend it to the attention of all believers in clean and manly sport.

BACK TO THE WINDMILL

Letting Nature Work for Us

ELECTRICITY IN COUNTRY PLACES

A great scheme is before Parliament for the wholesale creation of electric power and its cheap distribution over industrial England.

But in the nature of things power from great central stations cannot be carried cheaply to isolated country districts where the consumption can only be small, and yet cheap power is as much needed there as anywhere else.

Experiments have been carried on near Harpenden under the Ministry of Agriculture in the production of electricity from wind-power. Wind-power ground corn for countless generations. Wind-power to pump water has become a commonplace of our generation. Wind-power to make electricity is not unknown on the Continent.

It has now been found at Harpenden that wind-power can generate electricity for lighting and for certain mechanical work at a cost which makes it economical even on quite a small scale. It will be interesting to see our countryside dotted over once again with circling sails, though the new windmills will look very different from the old.

BAMBOO TAKES A PRIZE

What Can Be Done With It?

There has lately been an inquiry into the question What is the most useful plant in the world? and the prize has gone to the bamboo. It is said that the East, South America, and the West Indies could not exist without it.

The bamboo is a hollow reed which may grow a few feet high or a hundred. Sometimes its stem is round, sometimes square, and the square kind is very useful for ladders or scaffolding. All sorts of things, massive or delicate, are made from the stems. Houses are built of them, and they make water-pipes and ship's masts, beds and tables, prison cages for criminals, handles for agricultural implements, pen-holders, umbrellas, and rods for bad boys! The young roots make good food, and so do the seeds, which may be cooked like rice or used for a beverage, while the leaves can be used for thatching or weaving into clothes and mats. Verily, few plants do so many things for man.

A GIRL CLIMBER'S CONQUEST

An American girl was the first woman to swim the English Channel, so it was only fair that the first woman to climb Mount Baker should be British.

Mount Baker is in the United States Rocky Mountains region, and is 10,827 feet high. It is a volcanic mountain with an active crater. Only once before has any human being reached its summit, and then the climber was a man.

Now Dorothy Pilley has climbed to the top, accompanied by two men. The time taken was 48 hours. Miss Pilley is a Londoner, and her mother is a doctor. She is to be congratulated on having performed a hard and perilous feat, demanding a very cool head as well as endurance.

COLLAPSE OF A SWAMP

There is an iron mine in the State of Michigan which has been burrowed under a swamp, and now, over an area of 300 by 200 feet, the swamp has fallen in, dropping 600 feet to the first level of the mine.

The sound of the collapse, described as an eerie, sucking thud, was heard for miles around. The muddy slime flooded the whole of the upper level, and it is feared that some fifty of the miners at work must have been drowned at once.

A LITTLE TALE FROM A COUNTRY LANE

The smart business man of today thinks that the countryman is no match for him, that living on the land, perhaps, makes the brain a little damp, like the December fields. The Editor of the C.N. knows that this is not so, for he has a Yorkshire wife, and she has just brought home this story from the Yorkshire wilds.

An old Yorkshire farmer was driving a horse and cart down a lane when a car suddenly whizzed into view, and before the countryman knew where he was his cart was upset, the harness ripped, and his horse had bolted.

Taking Too Much for Granted

The car driver considerably stopped to explain to the farmer that his case might have been much worse. He might have lain dead in the ditch, for instance. The car driver's attitude, of course, was that as soon as he got on the road all traffic, whether horse or foot, had to clear away for him. He said nothing about the fact that the accident was his own fault. He assumed that the countryman was too dull-witted in any case, and particularly so at that moment, to say or do anything in his own defence.

The farmer certainly did not make any defence. He did not waste many words. He simply said that he was some distance from home, and, as his horse had bolted, perhaps the gentleman in the car would give him a lift. The gentleman in the car obligingly consented, and asked the way to the farm.

They Who Laugh Last

"You won't know it," replied the Yorkshireman, "so it's no good explaining. Just drive on and I'll tell you when to stop."

The car started, and the driver obeyed when he was requested to turn first to the left, third to the right, and second to the left again.

"Stop here, please," said the farmer.

The driver stopped there and got out, and discovered, when it was too late to whizz on again, that it was the local police-station. Then the Yorkshireman stated his case, and to some effect; and the driver of the car, charged with running down a horse and cart in a lane, was left to realise afresh that they who laugh last laugh the longest. And he knows now that they are not so soft, after all, those country folk.

THE OLDEST SHOPS IN LONDON

Where the First Tea was Sold

Somebody has been asking which is the oldest shop in London, and it is found that some firms have been trading at their present premises since the seventeenth century.

Messrs. J. & J. Field, candle-makers of Lambeth, appear to be the earliest, for they were established at their present place of business before 1642. Messrs. Davison, Newman, & Co., grocers in Leadenhall Street, run them close with 1650. Their original sign, a crown and three sugar-cones, still hangs over the door, and they still use the counter over which they sold tea at £10 a pound when it first came to this country some 270 years ago.

Other old firms are Messrs. G. W. Scott & Sons, who have been basket-makers since 1699, and the Bank of England, which was opened in 1684. Messrs. Twining & Co. alone can claim that their business has been on the same premises and in the same family since its foundation in 1706.

He must be dull who would not feel his imagination stirred in handling a ledger nearly 300 years old, with memories of the old merchant who inscribed in it his losses from pirates or highwaymen. She would be a poor sort of woman who would not thrill to think that Cromwell's daughter and Mrs. Pepys may have bought chocolate over the same counter as herself!

THE FLYING-MAN'S VALUE TO THE WORLD

Making Our Maps

CHEAPER, QUICKER, AND BETTER SURVEY

Great strides in Empire map-making are being made; the maps of the future will be made from the air.

There are vast areas of the British Empire of which we know practically nothing, but of which we can learn a very great deal in a very short time by this means. When an air survey was made of the Irrawaddy Delta the Burma Government found that it had cost only £21 a square mile, against £36 if made in the ordinary way from the ground; while the time taken was only five months, against the three or four years a ground survey would have taken.

Now a map is to be made of 52,000 square miles of Rhodesia, principally to ascertain the position of copper deposits and the most suitable routes for railways and roads.

The speed of the work may be realised from the fact that the aerial operator in his flight can photograph vertically a strip three miles wide, while with an oblique photograph he can cover a strip of 14 miles. With the newest type of aeroplane it will be possible to map 30,000 square miles a year.

ANOTHER GOOD IDEA

Ministry of Transport, Please Note

Here is another new idea for easing London's traffic. It is made by Mr. H. V. Lanchester.

Our tube railways take us in vast numbers out of the streets almost, but not quite to our destinations; we spoil it by all bobbing up just at the most crowded spots to finish the journey to our hotel, shop, or theatre.

Why should not the tubes complete their work for us so far as the theatres, the big stores, and the big hotels are concerned, and give us subways from the nearest station? And why, when they do, should not the great railway termini follow their example? What a mass of short taxi runs as well as foot journeys it would save in the most congested areas! We know one great block of flats for which this is already done; will others please follow?

BEST THING OF ITS KIND

Our Biggest X-Ray Hospital

The new X-ray department at the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh is the biggest and best in Britain.

It has cost more than £50,000, and includes many of the most notable X-ray inventions of modern times. Extraordinary precautions have been taken to prevent any danger from exposure to the rays; all the walls are built of special materials through which the rays cannot pass.

Some idea of the busy time this department will have may be gathered from the fact that last year no less than 23,000 examinations with the rays were made.

A BOOK OF THE WORLD'S SHIPS

Mr. V. S. Fellowes Wilson has told in 200 pages the story of the world's great passenger ships, most of which ply across the Atlantic.

First comes the history of the development of the past hundred years, then an account of the building and launching of today's huge vessels. Next the engines and auxiliary machinery are described, then the thousand details of equipment, the provisions for the comfort of passengers, and endless special features.

"The Largest Ships of the World" is the title of the book, which is published by Crosby Lockwood at 10s. 6d.

December 11, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

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BRITAIN'S PLAGUE
OF RATS

How to Keep Them Down

SOME USEFUL ZOO
EXPERIMENTS

The comfortable quarters and the abundant supply of food left by visitors make the London Zoo an attractive place for rats, and the authorities wage perpetual war against them.

Naturally in such a home of science scientific methods are used in carrying on the war, and some useful experiments have been made. Dogs, rifles, traps, and poisons are all pressed into the service, and the Zoo can tell you the best kind of trap and the best kind of poison.

It recommends a poison called squill, as it is harmless to other animals and apparently does not lead to rats dying under the flooring.

The Old English Black Rat

Plain bread has proved the most attractive bait, and it soaks up the poison very conveniently. Putting the popularity of bread at 100, that of other foods may be represented by lower figures in this way: Oatmeal 80, tallow 70, bananas 60, flour-and-water 50, tripe the same, bloater-paste 30, maize, cabbage, dripping, smoked fish, and cheese 20, and lard, fresh fish, and potatoes 10.

Strange to say, the old English black rat, almost exterminated in the eighteenth century by the brown and larger invader, is reappearing in London, apparently in complete harmony with its ancient enemy. As many black rats as brown are caught where ten years ago there were only brown rats.

THE PIANO OF THE
WIRELESS AGEA New Era of Musical
Instruments?

A remarkable piano has been installed at the American station W R N Y.

It consists of a keyboard of 26 ordinary piano keys. When one of the keys is pressed it switches on a vacuum tube which produces oscillations with a definite musical pitch. Each note of the vacuum tube which it controls is arranged to give a different pitch, so that there is a complete scale of musical notes. As these notes are perfectly pure, and there are no overtones, the music is clearer than that of the flute.

The Pianorad, as it is called, is probably the first of a new type of wireless musical instruments.

KEEPING PARIS
BEAUTIFUL

Ugly Sky-Signs to Go

One more good thing comes to encourage those who love beautiful cities.

The municipal authorities of Paris have ordered the owners of houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the Opéra and the Arc de Triomphe to remove the large illuminated sky-signs from their buildings. The city architects have power to say whether any erection may be damaging to the general appearance of the thoroughfare.

FOREIGNERS BUILD OUR HOUSES

The Building Research Board has published figures which show the enormous increase in building materials that we are buying from abroad.

In 1920 we imported £1000 worth of slates; last year we imported £85,000 worth. In 1913 we imported under three million bricks; last year the number was 159 millions. Similar extraordinary increases occur in many other materials used for building, showing how dependent we are becoming on other countries for our homes.

THE COUNTRY
DOCTOR

By the Country Girl

A country doctor has retired after practising in the Littlebourne district near Canterbury for 37 years. Although he has had to give up his work because of ill-health, he is a man to be envied.

Evidently he can look back on a long life of service, and never goes out without meeting affectionate smiles, for he has been presented with a travelling case, a cheque for £250, and an illuminated address containing the names of 1200 subscribers. From fourteen villages people have come with their gifts in token of their friendship and their gratitude.

A Messenger of Hope

Yes, it must be good to be Doctor Morris, even though he is neither rich nor famous, and lacks a knighthood and a grand house in Harley Street with motor-cars lined up outside. For 37 years he has been just a country doctor, giving up all his days and many of his nights to curing pain, comforting grief, soothing fear. In many a cottage they say of him: "He was so good to me when my poor husband died," or "He fought to save my little Jack just as hard as if the boy were King of England." Wherever he went he took hope, sympathy, and cheerfulness with him. The end of it all is not money, or even fame, but love.

There are many doctors who ask for nothing better. They have taken up their work because they pity the suffering, and not because they hope to make money. All their thought and time are given to serving their brothers, but they claim no merit for it. "I do this work because I like it," they say. Only the very finest type of man would like the work of an unknown doctor toiling in a slum or a country village.

A Victory for Truth

Such a man was Sir James Mackenzie. While he was a general practitioner in Burnley a young patient died suddenly. This tragedy led him to make researches into heart disease. He amassed an immense wealth of knowledge on the subject, invented new instruments for recording the conduct of the heart, and proved that many methods then used were harmful.

While he was still working in Burnley doctors from America and the Continent were coming to do him honour. After 25 years in the Lancashire town he came to London—not to seek a fashionable practice, but to fight for truth. In two years he had forced the London doctors to revise their ideas on cardiology.

A few years later the man who had become famous all over the world went back to a country practice. He had been made a knight and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He could have made an immense fortune and enjoyed whatever pleasures London society had to offer; but that was not the aim he had when he left his father's farm in the Highlands. Sir James was born in 1853, and when he died in 1925 he was at work in a cottage hospital.

Dr. Morris of Littlebourne is not a great man like Sir James Mackenzie, but he must have lived his life in the same spirit, and reaped the same reward, a quiet conscience and the friendship of the world.

STILL BIGGER LINERS

Still bigger liners are to be built, and engineers are at present talking about the best means of driving them.

What is the most suitable type of engine to drive the new 60,000-ton monsters of the sea? It seems as if for the next few years steam turbines driven from oil-fuelled boilers will hold the field. But enormous developments in oil-engines are on the way, and before long engineers hope to see a 60,000-horsepower Diesel oil-engine.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK
IN HISTORY

The Boston Tea Party

On December 16, 1773, the Tea Chests were thrown overboard at Boston.

The two parties which were organised to throw the tea overboard met at Griffin's wharf. They placed sentries at the head of the wharf to prevent interference from anyone. Their faces in some instances, and I think in all, were blackened, that they might not be recognised.

They went to work as stevedores would do, in a systematic way, to haul up the tea from the vessels, to break open the chests, and to throw the tea into the water. All these men had sworn with a masonic oath that they would never implicate anyone in the transaction. If, therefore, when these men were old men they did not say they were there, there is no reason for supposing they were not. On the other hand, every man and boy in Boston who had two legs repaired to the scene to look on.

Any amount of the tea as the tide went out drifted on the beach at South Boston, and there are few old Boston people who have not seen vials of the tea taken from the mounds which were then upon the beach.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

EVESHAM HAS A GOOD
IDEA

Give a Boy a Policeman

There are wise heads and sound hearts in Evesham, and they belong to people who wear the dark-blue uniform which is so greatly feared by burglars and road hogs.

About a year ago the police in that part of Worcestershire started a fund for supplying poor children with boots and helping young invalids. Since then they have sent three children to an open-air school and one to a sanatorium and shod 200 pairs of feet. Now they have done something more.

The police and special constables of Evesham have started a club to make boys realise that the law is their friend and protector, not their persecutor.

Often a boy might be saved from trouble and disgrace if he went to a policeman for advice, but too often boys are afraid of policemen. That is partly why the police of Evesham want to play games with them and make them into real comrades.

Another object of the club is to train boys in good citizenship. Once they have learned that they cannot play games well without discipline they will realise the value of discipline in all the other affairs of life. No longer will they be tempted to steal apples or break windows merely because those things are forbidden. They will realise that it is a more sporting thing to keep the rules than to break them.

The policeman who attacks armed burglars though he carries no firearms himself is one of the bravest men in the Empire, and the boys of Evesham must be proud to have such men for playmates.

4000 IN A RACE

A relay race of 1092 miles is being organised in America, to be run in July, 1927.

Fourteen thousand competitors are contesting for four thousand places. The race will start from New York City Hall, and by a very circuitous route will reach the Chicago City Hall, where the last runner will hand to the mayor a torch and a letter of greeting from the New York mayor. The runners will have to cross rivers and lakes.

There are no prizes, except the great effort to beat the record of a similar race run in 1908, which took 116 hours, 50 minutes, and 30 seconds.

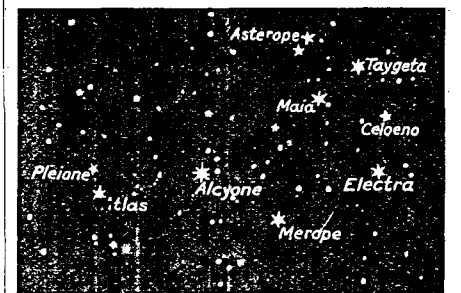
THE PLEIADES
A FAMOUS CLUSTER OF
STARSThousands of Suns Where Only
Seven are SeenSCENE OF IMPRESSIVE
GRANDEUR

By the C.N. Astronomer

The glorious star cluster of the Pleiades is just now a striking object in the evening sky, to the left of Mars, in the position indicated last week.

This wonderful group of suns has been popular from the remotest antiquity; but as far as records go back, over four thousand years, the unaided eyes of the Ancients could see but seven stars. Today through the most powerful telescopes over 600 come into view.

These seven stars were known to the ancient Greeks as the Seven Sisters, to the Chinese as the Seven Sisters of Industry, to ancient peoples of North America as the Seven Brothers. Throughout the world in all ages these stars were singled out for great honour by



The Pleiades as seen in good field-glasses or a small telescope. Those named may be glimpsed with good eyesight

festivals, temples, and sacrifices. But it was always seven stars, though one appears to have become so faint as to be known as the Lost Pleiad.

Today only six stars are seen by most people; but on a dark, clear night anyone with good sight will easily make out seven; while very keen sight will discover as many as nine or even ten by perceiving Asterope as two stars and Pleione distinct from Atlas.

With good opera or field-glasses, on a clear, moonless night, at least fifty stars may be discerned against a sky suggesting a singular sense of soft radiance, as if the spaces between all these lovely suns were faintly luminous and there was some "grand beyond."

Actually there are reasons for this. One is that there are more than two thousand suns there beyond the powers of small glasses or telescopes, but perceptible when photographed with prolonged exposures through powerful telescopes. The collective light from this stellar host reaches the eye very much as the light of the Milky Way does, from myriads of imperceptible stars.

What Photographs Show

Another reason for this soft luminosity is the presence of vast areas of radiant mistiness called nebulae. This extends between the great suns of the Pleiades, being particularly dense around Alcyone (the brightest and apparently the central sun of the cluster) and Maia, and Merope. It is revealed in beautiful detail in photographs showing how terrific forces operating through regions many thousands of times greater than that between our world and the Sun whirl this luminous cosmic matter into streamers and folds of impressive grandeur.

These suns of the Pleiades are enveloped in helium at a white heat far exceeding the heat of our Sun; they radiate from 100 to 200 times the light, which, according to the latest expert calculations, takes about 88 years to reach us. So this grand cluster is five and a half million times as far away as our Sun, and therefore one of the nearest clusters to us.

Other Worlds. In the morning Mercury and Saturn south-east. In the evening Jupiter south-west, Uranus and Mars south.

S.O.S.

CHAPTER 29 Gadsden Offers Terms

GADSDEN smiled. It was the sort of smile Jim hated, for, while his lips moved, his eyes, which are what most people really smile with, remained cold and hard as always. "Good day to you, Selby," he said. "Busy as usual, I see."

"You!" gasped Jim, taken off his balance. "How did you get here?"

"I don't mind telling you," replied Gadsden. "I came by train from Pernambuco. It is not a good service, but it is quicker than by sea. At any rate, I have arrived in time, which is, after all, the only thing that matters."

"In time, you mean, to make this precious plot to trap me," said Jim curtly.

Gadsden merely smiled again. "All is fair in war and treasure-hunting," he answered easily. "And you have only yourself to thank, Selby. If you and Lusty had stayed where you were at my house at Polcapple until I had left you would have seen no more of me. Since you chose to break out, I, of course, was obliged to take steps to protect myself. I know that you have been in touch with Upton again."

"Sneed told you," put in Jim sharply.

"Sneed, of course, informed me, by wireless," said Gadsden, quite unruffled. "That was his duty."

"And was it his duty to try to destroy my aerial?" demanded Jim.

"Yes, I think so, in the circumstances. But as he seems to have made a mess of that part of the business I was forced to take a hand again. Hence the telephone message to you this morning and your presence here. Rather a clever idea, Selby. Don't you agree with me?"

"Crooked I'd call it," retorted Jim.

"We won't argue the point," replied Gadsden. "All that matters is that you are here, and this time I am making quite sure that you do not leave until you give me the information I require."

"Then you'll have to keep me a long time," said Jim defiantly.

"I'm afraid I can't guarantee to do that," answered Gadsden. "I cannot afford to let your employer get too long a start. I dislike harsh measures, but I am bound to tell you that you will remain in this room without food or drink until you answer my questions." He paused, then went on. "The weather is hot," he added, with meaning. "You get thirsty quickly in heat like this."

Jim's heart sank. He saw that Gadsden meant what he said, and the mere thought of being left without water made his mouth dry. But he did not speak.

Gadsden waited a little, then continued as smoothly as ever. "Don't be foolish, Selby. For a boy of your age you have pluck, which is a quality I admire. But there is a difference between pluck and obstinacy. Now that I am in Brazil I mean to get into touch with Alan Upton. You, of course, have altered the code letters. All I want from you are those letters and proof that they are correct. I wish you to stay here until night, call up Upton, and put me in communication with him. As soon as you have done that you will be allowed to go and, what is more, to take your whole outfit and aerial with you."

"Is that all?" asked Jim quietly.

"That is all. After that you and Thorold can start as soon as you like, and it shall be a fair race and no favour to this City of Gold. What do you say?"

Jim's lips tightened. "I say No," he answered quietly.

Gadsden shrugged his great shoulders. "I was afraid you would be obstinate," he said. "Now listen to me, Selby. Rio is a big place and your friends have not the faintest notion where you are, nor have they any means of

The Wireless Mystery By T. C. Bridges

finding out. Even the driver who brought you here was in my pay. You have already examined this room, and you must have assured yourself that there is no way out. I shall not, of course, leave you any tools with which to open the door. You have absolutely no chance of escape. Won't you think again?"

"There's no thinking about it," Jim shot back. "Even if I weren't very fond of Professor Thorold I'm in his pay, and to my mind it's the dirtiest sort of treachery to give away your employer's secrets."

"Very pretty ideas, my young friend," replied Gadsden, "only in this wicked world they won't work. I don't like making threats, but I stand by what I have said. You will get nothing to eat or drink till you agree to my terms." He stood looking at Jim for a moment or two, but Jim stood up stiffly and did not say a word. Gadsden shrugged again. "I'm sorry you are so silly, Selby," he said, and, stretching out one long arm, picked up Jim's kit of tools, then turned and left the room.

CHAPTER 30 No Surrender!

It is odd how much one's thoughts have to do with the way one feels. Before Gadsden's arrival Jim had felt merely rather hungry. Now he was thirsty, very thirsty.

His throat felt dry; even his mouth had gone like dust; and the thought of hours of this sort of thing, getting worse all the time, scared him badly.

The more Jim thought about the prospect the less he liked it, but, as he was never the sort to sit still and wait for someone else to help him, he at once began to consider means of escape. The window was hopeless, for the bars were too close to squeeze through and there were no means of loosening them; the door was heavy and solid, and without tools there was no way of opening it. That left the trapdoor, but the difficulty was to reach it without a ladder.

There was, however, the table, and there were two chairs. Jim managed to balance them one on top of the other; then very cautiously climbed up. To his delight he found that he could reach the trapdoor, but a bitter disappointment was in store. It was bolted outside and would not move. He pushed hard, and suddenly there was a crack and one of the chairs broke. He had to make a wild jump to save himself from a bad fall, and even as it was he reached the floor with a force that jarred him all over. The chairs came tumbling down with a tremendous clatter, and Jim waited, feeling certain that someone would come up. But minutes passed and the house remained quite quiet.

"They know I'm safe," said Jim, biting his lip. "It's no use. They've got me properly, and I can't do a thing." If he had been thirsty before, now he was parched, and as time passed the Sun came round to the west side of the house and the room grew hotter till it was like a glasshouse. Jim dripped with perspiration, and every minute his suffering became harder to bear. He stretched himself on the floor and kept as quiet as he could, and after a while he dozed off. He was roused by someone coming in.

"Well, Selby?" Gadsden said quietly.

Jim sat up and looked at him, but made no answer.

"Have you learned sense yet?" asked Gadsden.

"If sense means telling my employer's secrets, why, no," Jim answered hoarsely.

Gadsden returned Jim's gaze. "See here, Selby," he said gravely. "I don't enjoy this sort of thing much better than you, but I have told you plainly that I must have that code word. Give me that and I will bring you an iced drink or a cup of tea, whichever you like."

What is more, I will take your word that it is the right word."

"If I told you at all I should tell you the right word," Jim answered, "but I shan't give you any word at all."

For the first time Gadsden showed anger. "You're a young fool," he said sharply. "I have got to have it if I keep you here a week!" With that he went out again, banging the door behind him.

In the latitude of Rio the Sun sets, even in summer, before seven o'clock, but this was May, and therefore autumn in the Southern Hemisphere, and by six it was getting dark. But to Jim the air felt as hot as ever, and he was suffering agonies. His tongue felt like a dry stick, his head was burning, and he was beginning to feel ill. He lay down again and tried hard to sleep, but it was no use. Now and then he dozed off, but only to dream horrid dreams and wake with a start.

As he lay there on the hard floor, panting for breath, he heard a sound and started up into a sitting position. At first he thought it was someone coming up the passage, but presently he made sure it was on the roof above him. He listened eagerly, and after a while made out that someone was walking very cautiously overhead. He went to the window, but, of course, could see nothing. In any case it was quite dark. Again he listened with straining ears, but the sound had died away.

"I must have dreamed it," he said to himself. "I'm getting into the sort of state when I might imagine anything." Just then he heard the sound again, and this time it was surely no fancy, for someone was trying to lift the trapdoor. It did lift and a voice came from above. "Are you there, Jim?" it whispered.

CHAPTER 31 The Locked Gate

Jim nearly dropped. The voice was Sam's!

"It's just fancy," said Jim in a cracked voice.

"You'll find it's fancy if I drop on top of you," came a gruff whisper from above. "What's that swab been doing to you, Jim?"

"It's Sam! It is Sam!" croaked Jim.

"Shut up, you ass! Don't talk out loud or those beggars will hear. What's the matter with you?"

"Thirsty," replied Jim in a hoarse whisper.

"You poor beggar! I had a notion they might be trying some dirty game of that sort. Here, catch!"

Something fell with a slight thud on the floor, and Jim, groping, grasped a great ripe orange. He tore it open with his teeth, and as the precious juice poured down his

parched throat he knew he had never before tasted anything so good.

"That better?" asked Sam softly.

"Better! I'm my own man again," replied Jim.

"Then catch hold of this rope. Can you hang on if I pull you up?" Sam added anxiously.

"Don't bother to pull. I'd climb a mile to get out of this. How ever did you get here, Sam?"

"Tell you later. No time now. Here's the rope. I've made the upper end fast to the bolt of the trap."

The rope came dropping softly from above, and Jim, blazing with excitement, got hold, pulled it taut, and, getting on the table, climbed hand over hand. The moment he was within reach Sam bent down and helped him, and soon Jim was standing beside his chum on the flat roof. Sam rapidly pulled up the rope, then closed the trap.

Jim stood a moment taking deep breaths of the night air. Then Sam spoke quickly: "I climbed up by the big tree at the side of the house, and I reckon we can get down the same way. Better hurry."

"But what about my aerial?" Jim asked anxiously.

"Can't take that now. Have to come back for it. Anyhow, it's no use to Gadsden unless he has the password."

"He hasn't got that," said Jim grimly. "But, all the same, I hate leaving the aerial."

"You've got to do it," urged Sam. "Gadsden's got two chaps with him in the house, and we shan't have a chance if it comes to a scrap."

"All right," said Jim. "This is your show, Sam. Lead on."

"This way," said Sam, "and go as soft as you can."

While fixing the aerial Jim had noticed the big tree, the branches of which overhung one side of the house. It was a cottonwood, with great, spreading branches. Sam swung into it and Jim followed closely. It was very dark, especially in the middle of the thick foliage, and it was out of the question to hurry. Sam climbed slowly and deliberately, and Jim swung after him from bough to bough. Both were listening hard for any sound from the house, but there was none, and they reached the ground in safety.

Sam put his mouth to Jim's ear. "There's a wall all round the garden," he whispered. "I came in by the gate and we'd best go out the same way. It's not locked."

"Right!" replied Jim; and silently as two shadows the boys stole across the ill-kept garden. A bright light shone from one of the lower windows, and they had to be very careful not to risk getting into its ray. At last they reached the gate, a big iron affair, and Sam cautiously turned the handle. But when he tried to open it the gate did not move. He pushed hard, but with no result.

"No good!" he said in a quick whisper. "Someone has locked it while I was on the roof."

"Can't we climb it?" suggested Jim.

"No. It's all spikes on the top. We must try the wall."

"But it's too high to reach the top," Jim answered.

Sam pointed. "There's a big bush growing against it back there. I spotted it as I came in. We can use the bush as a ladder." He turned as he spoke, and, keeping close under the wall, the two went back again. Jim could just see the bush, a dark mass almost opposite the south end of the house. It seemed to rise well above the wall, and he felt sure it would give them a way over.

Jim was counting his chickens too soon, for they were still a good twenty yards from the bush when there was a loud shout from inside the house. "He's gone! He's got out!" wailed a voice. "Be quick! He can't have gone far."

Next instant the front door burst open and two men came running out. One went toward the gate; the other turned straight in the direction of the two boys.

TO BE CONTINUED

Tales Before Bedtime

The Brown Suit

Jim had a little brown suit—knickers and tunic all complete—and in the tunic were two little pockets. Jim's mother said that any little boy would be very pleased with such a suit as this, but Jim said he didn't like it.

The truth was that Jim had too many suits, and, like any other little child who has more than he wants, he was discontented.

"I haven't a blue suit, Mummy. Please may I have a blue suit?"

His mother shook her head; she said she didn't think he wanted a new one yet.

That afternoon Jim's grandfather came to see him, and was duly shown all the new things Jim had had since he saw him last. When Jim went out of the room for a moment the old gentleman, seeing the brown suit hanging against the wall, popped a ten-shilling note into one of the pockets.

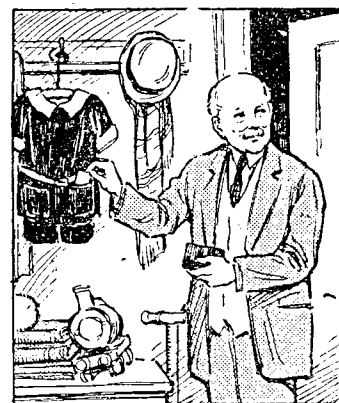
The old gentleman never said a word to anyone, and soon went on his way.

That afternoon there came a very ragged little boy to the door, and Jim begged his mother to give him the brown suit. "Then I can have the new blue one," he added.

"Jim, dear," said his mother, shaking her head, "that is not the way to give a present, in the hope of getting something you like better. You shall give the suit away, but I shall not buy you another in place of it."

So the brown suit changed hands, and the poor little boy was delighted.

Jim and his mother never expected to hear anything more of the little lad, but some weeks later there came a letter from abroad, saying that Johnnie, the writer, wished to thank them so much for



He popped the note inside

giving him the ten-shilling note which he had found in the pocket of the brown suit. And by the very same post there came a letter from Jim's grandfather, asking what he had bought with the money that he had put in the pocket of the little tunic.

So the mystery was explained; but the little incident had set Jim thinking, and he is no longer a selfish little boy.



The Best Gift Books for Xmas

Any one of the jolly books mentioned below makes an ideal Christmas Present. They are all strongly bound with bright-coloured covers and many of the pictures are COLOURED too! Any newsagent or bookseller has them.

PLAYBOX ANNUAL

TIGER TIM'S ANNUAL

For Very Little Children

SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN ANNUAL

SCHOOL FRIEND ANNUAL

For Girls at School

HOLIDAY ANNUAL

For Boys and Girls at School

Price 6/- net each

December 11, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

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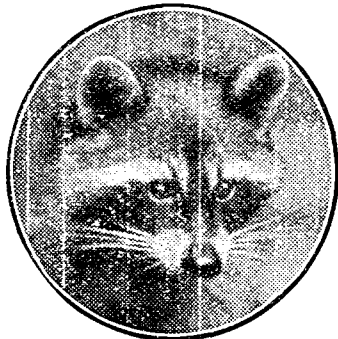


THE BRAN TUB

A Puzzle in Rhyme

You'll find me in piling, but not in fence,
You'll find me in after but not in hence,
You'll find me in picnic but not in feast,
You'll find me in rented but not in leased,
You'll find me in every but not in all,
You'll find me in racquet but not in ball,
You'll find me in being but not in live,
If you take me at night a light I give.

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery

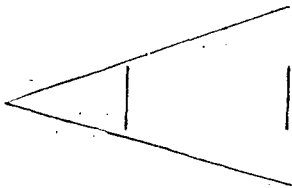


The Raccoon

The raccoon is an American animal about the size of a badger. It lives high up in the trees, and rarely leaves its home in daylight. It has a long bushy tail ringed with black and white.

Which is Taller?

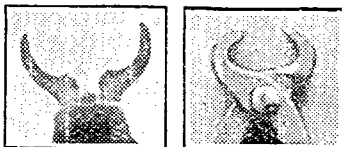
Look at the two upright lines in this figure and see if you can decide which is the taller. At first sight it certainly appears that the one



on the left is decidedly taller than that on the right, but if you measure them you will find they are equal.

Nature's Pincers

When you pull a nail out of a packing-case you use a device which Nature has used for thousands

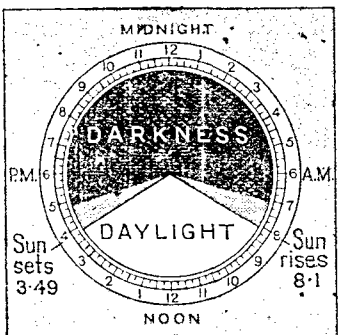


of years before you. Look at these pictures and see how exactly alike in shape are the pincers at the tail end of an earwig and a pair of carpenter's



pincers. A lobster's claws, too, are remarkably like another make of pincers used by shoemakers.

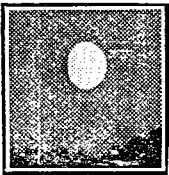
Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE greenfinches are collecting in considerable flocks. Moles are busy at work tunnelling and throwing up their hillocks. In sheltered positions, such as walled gardens, daisies are to be found in blossom. The wallflower is in some places found to be blossoming. The mezzoon is in flower.



Looking South 9 p.m. December 15

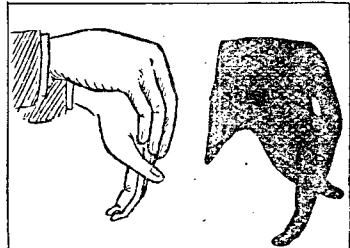
How Brahms Wrote His Name

JOHANNES BRAHMS was the greatest song-writer of his day. He was born in Hamburg, but settled in Vienna. As an instrumental composer he came nearest to Beethoven, and was noted for the purity and elevation of his style. As a pianist he is particularly remembered for his exposition of Bach as well as of his own works.

Brahms was born in 1833 and died in 1897. This is how he wrote his name:



Shadow-Pictures on the Wall



Here we see how to make a shadow-picture of an elephant on the wall.

A Puzzle in Rhyme

I'm in the scrubbing but not in the soap,
I'm in the cordage and also in rope,
I'm in the profit but not in the gain,
I'm in the thunder and also in rain,
I'm in the banner but not in the flag,
I'm in the boasting and also in brag,
I'm in the golden but not in the white,
I'm in the morning and also in night,
I'm in the vapour but not in the mist,
Whole I was a great Italian artist.

Three Good Things

It is better to throw a stone haphazard than a word.
No man can work honestly for himself without being of use to all.
Let us love one another and our minds will soon agree.

Ici On Parle Français



Un écriteau Le faisan Le cadenas
Que voyez-vous sur cet écriteau?
Le faisan se nourrit de grains
J'ai perdu la clef de ce cadenas

Is Your Name Talboys?

THE first Talboys, or Talboys, was not, as might be supposed, the father of exceptionally lanky sons. The word is a corruption of the French taillebois, from tailler, to cut, and bois, wood. The first Talboys may have been a feller of trees or merely a man who chopped up wood in his lord's backyard.

The Broken Proverb

Here are two lines of broken type. When the missing portions of the letters have been filled in they will make a proverb. The letters of each word are in correct order, but the words are jumbled.

Answers next week

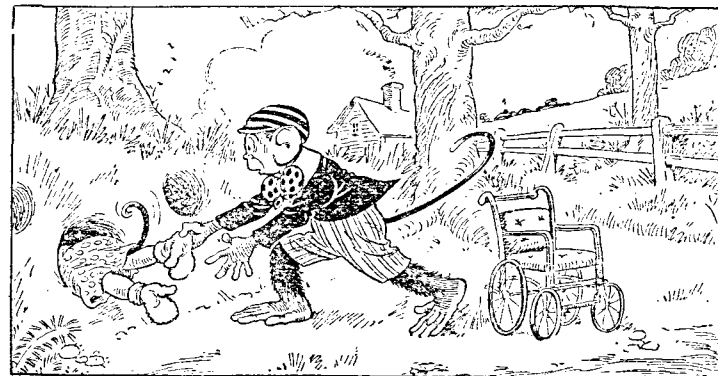
Jacko Has a Bad Time

ONE morning Mrs. Jacko dressed up the baby in a white woolly coat and told Jacko to take him out for a walk.

Of course Jacko had something to say on the subject; but it wasn't any good, and he soon found himself pushing the go-cart along the road.

It wouldn't have been so bad if the baby had been good, but unfortunately he was in a very naughty mood. He wanted to get out and walk, and when Jacko said the road was too muddy he set up such a howl that an officious-looking lady jumped off her bicycle and asked what was the matter.

"I believe you are being unkind to the child," she said to Jacko. "Something must have made him cry."



Jacko tugged and tugged, but he couldn't move the baby

The baby didn't like the look of the lady at all. He cried all the more, and when she bent down to kiss him he made a grab at her hat and threw it into the muddy road.

The lady was furious. She picked up her hat and jumped on her bicycle again without saying another word. It put Jacko in quite a good temper!

But he didn't stay in a good temper for very long. The baby had brought a big ball with him, and he began throwing it out of the go-cart.

"Jacko fetch ball for Baby," he gurgled joyfully.

Jacko slapped the baby and told him he wasn't going to pick up the ball for him; but the baby didn't mind a bit. He immediately threw the ball again, and chortled with glee when he saw it disappear down a big rabbit burrow in the hedge.

Jacko looked at the burrow. Then he grinned.

"I don't see why Baby shouldn't fetch the ball himself," he said. "I'm too big for that hole." And he lifted the baby out of the go-cart and pushed him toward the hole.

The baby thought it great fun. He flung himself down, and wriggled and squirmed and worked his way so far into the hole that soon only his fat little legs were left sticking out. Jacko got quite frightened.

"Here, come out!" he shouted, giving the baby's legs a pull.

But nothing happened. The baby had stuck!

Jacko tugged and tugged, but he couldn't move the baby.

Suddenly the whole burrow collapsed, and out came the baby, covered with mud but triumphantly clasping the ball.

Jacko hastily strapped him into the go-cart and made for home. "Saved again!" he exclaimed, mopping his forehead. "I've had enough lectures this week."

But when Mrs. Jacko saw the mess the baby was in she fetched out the cane. It was a case of deeds, not words.

When Everyone Will Grow Oranges

ONE of these days it may be as easy to grow oranges out of doors in England as it is to grow apples.

In Japan there is a perfectly hardy orange which is a true *Citrus*. This species will stand severe frost without harm, and it bears flowers and foliage that resemble those of the common orange. The fruit is golden and of a fair size, but it is not of a sweet flavour, nor is it very juicy. Attempts are being made to cross this hardy orange with varieties that bear really good fruits.

In the end it is hoped to produce an orange tree which, although perfectly hardy, will at the same time bear fruit of good flavour.

Anagrams

Can you make appropriate anagrams from the following words? Presbyterian; astronomers; telegraphs; Christianity.

Answers next week

Changeling

Change the word Fire to Burn with only three intervening links, altering one letter.

F	I	R	E
B	U	R	N



at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answers next week

DI MERRYMAN

HEARING a man ask the way to the local prison a witty passer-by offered to direct him.

"Cross the street," he said, "go into that jeweller's shop, and make off with a silver bowl. In two minutes you will be at the prison."

An Uncertain Outlook

MUSED a Sprat in the chilly North Sea:

"One's not sure what one's finish will be.

Praps I'll end bloater-paste, But the fact must be faced That they may make a sardine of me!"

The Traveller and His Watch

A TRAVELLER was staying at Naples. One night, returning alone to the hotel along dark and narrow streets, he was suddenly knocked against by a strange-looking man, who made no apologies and went on his way.

Suspecting something, the traveller felt for his watch: it was not there. A very brave man, he turned back, ran after the robber, left him half dead, and recovered his watch in the dark.

Back at the hotel, he told his wife the story, describing how he had punished the robber.

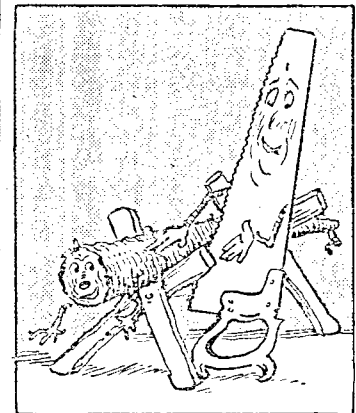
"But, my dear, your watch is here!" exclaimed his wife, pointing to the watch he had left lying on the mantelpiece!

Why is the most discontented man really the most easily contented? Because nothing satisfies him.

The Talkers

WE can recognise those who talk too much by the small number of thoughts and the great number of words they utter.

Come-Alive Characters



The Lazy Saw's Excuse

"WELL, why don't you begin?" Said the Log to the Saw.
Cried the Saw, "From such jobs Little pleasure I draw.
And if that makes you wonder, At once I'll explain
That one can't enjoy work Which one does 'gainst the grain!"

What Am I?

I HAVE but one eye, and that without sight,
Yet it helps me whatever I do;
I am sharp without wits, without senses I'm bright,
The fortune of some, and of some the delight,
And I doubt not I'm useful to you.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's cross word puzzle.

Double Upright Acrostic
Wordsworth H
A r m y
T r a m
T r a i n
S u c c e s s

Jumbled Trades

Tanner, compositor, electrician, chauffeur, carpenter, stovered, blacksmith, engineer.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 11, 1926

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

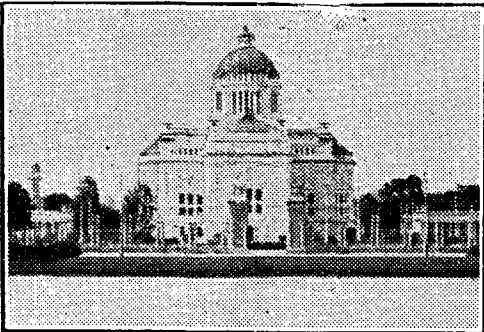
THE THAMES IN FLOOD • THE RUNAWAY MONKEY • WALNUT WIRELESS



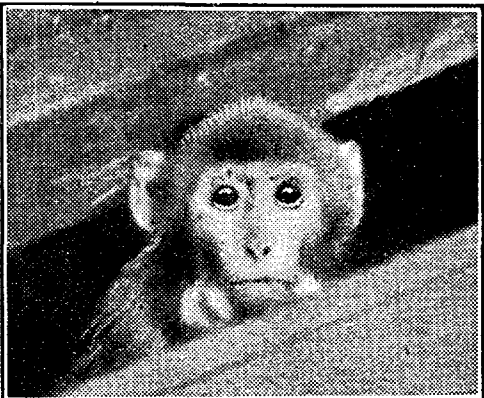
Washing Day on the Exmouth—On the training-ship Exmouth at Grays, in Essex, the boys are taught to do their own washing, and here we see them hanging out stockings to dry



Keeping Calm in the Floods—Very heavy rains have caused the Thames to overflow, but in this picture from Sunbury we see two anglers who are making the best of a bad situation



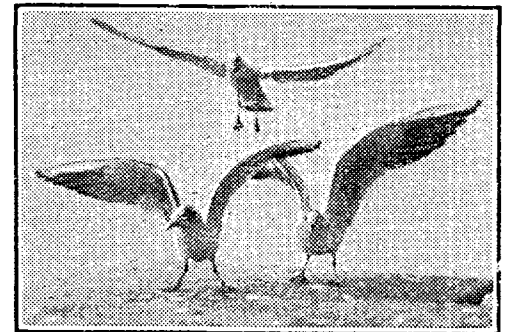
The Venice of the East—Bangkok, the capital of Siam, is fast becoming modernised, as we see by this new building, the Throne Hall, which is built of Italian marble. The city is often called the Venice of the East



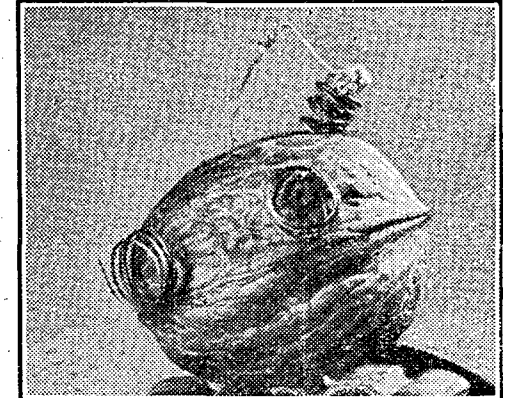
The Runaway Monkey—A number of monkeys, including this one, caused great excitement when they escaped from a showman's premises in London. One of them went by train to Rugby. See page one



A Fine Day in the Park—On a fine Sunday in London the favourite resort of thousands of people is Hyde Park, where one may see among the crowds strangers from every part of the world. This picture shows an Indian in picturesque costume taking his little son for a walk in the park



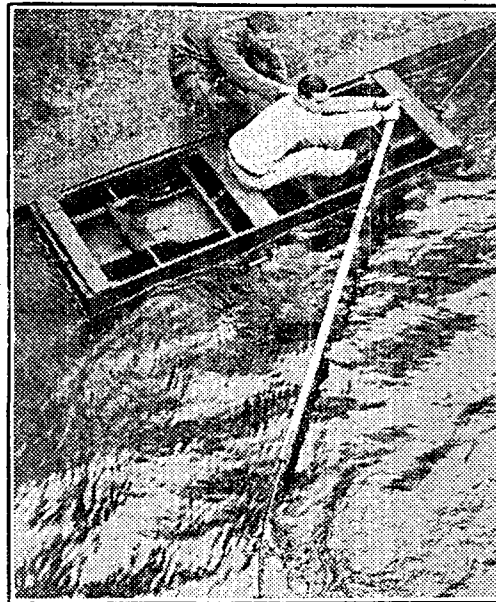
Three Visitors to London—Rough weather at sea drives the gulls up the Thames to London, and here we see three of them begging for tit-bits at the Embankment parapet, where people often feed them



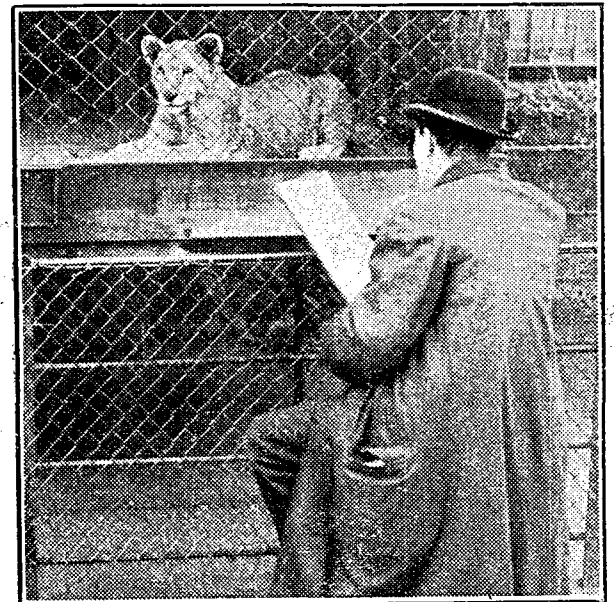
Wireless Set in a Nutshell—This walnut shell contains a complete wireless receiving-set, which works two pairs of headphones very efficiently. It was made by a 15-year-old Liverpool boy. See page 4



A Coin for the Great Bell—Mr. Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister of Canada, recently visited a Croydon bell foundry, where a carillon is being made for the new Canadian Parliament building in Ottawa. While the molten metal was being poured into one of the moulds Mr. King threw in a Canadian coin



Getting Ready for the Boat Race—The Cambridge rowing men are already practising for next year's boat race, and here we see an oarsman receiving instruction. The blade of the oar is a wire frame, so that it may be pulled quickly through the water



Lion Cub Poses for His Portrait—In this picture we see an artist at the Zoo making a drawing of one of the lion cubs, which seemed to know that he was required to lie still in a well-lighted part of his cage. Artists often sketch at the London Zoo, where they find specimens of almost every bird, beast, and fish

THE LAND THAT SLEPT FOR AGES—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER

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